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MRS. SMITH-DORRIEN.

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE WILD FRUITS
OF AUTUMN

RAPIDLY approaching now is the time when country children, with juice-stained hands and lips, will go forth to gather blackberries, eat hazel nuts to the point of indigestion, if that affliction were possible for them, and generally feast at Nature's own table. The time therefore is most appropriate for noticing the very handsome volume in "The Woburn Library," edited by the Duke of Bedford and written by Mr. F. Edward Hulme, called "Wild Fruits of the Country-side," and published by Hutchinson. So ample is the lore of the author, we wonder he did not bestow some of it on the crab-apple, which merits attention, first, for adding to the gay beauty of hedge and woodland in the spring; secondly, for its being a delicacy much prized by deer and other four-footed forest folk—a fact so well known to the monks, who loved a fat buck, that they planted it liberally; and, thirdly, though its bitterness dismays the most robust schoolboy appetite, cottage people make a jelly from it that is one of their finest. The wild cherry is also left out. Much attention, however, is paid to the true forest trees, even the commonest, and here the author shows accurate observation. If the wild creatures were consulted, we imagine they would prefer the beech above all other trees. The deer and the dainty squirrel, the wood-pigeon that in these fat days courts as assiduously as in spring, the gorgeous pheasant and the raucous jay, the greedy rook and the tiny dormouse, may all be seen, the birds in sunshine, the deer when the shadows fall, seeking the groves

of beech. Mast is their delight, but when it fails they can fill themselves with acorns, which, as old Tusser hath it, "pleasure thy swine," though they are poison to cattle. Of the oak's various bastard fruits, galls, oak apples, and so forth would furnish material for a treatise by themselves. So would the insects which at some stage of their existence draw support from it—the high-flying Purple Emperor, the Red Admiral, common yet gorgeous, the Red Underwing, the Wood Leopard, and the cockchafer. In popular tradition the mistletoe is closely associated with the oak, and in French it is actually called the *gui de chêne*, but in reality it is seldom a parasite upon that tree. Not long ago we showed a photograph of the great lime avenue at Sandringham, the trees of which are bunched with mistletoe, and in neglected orchards it grows freely on the apple trees, while in wild places you find it on the crab. Kissing under the mistletoe is of course an interesting survival of the saturnalia whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. Miny is responsible for the statement that it was associated with Druidic worship, but why is a query there is no answering. "About the only use that mistletoe can be put to is to make bird lime of it," remarks our matter-of-fact author, and this at least is positive information. We all know how fond birds, particularly those of the thrush tribe, are of its berries. Mistletoe belongs to winter rather than autumn, however. Just now the most brilliant colour, alike in the London suburb and the wild country, is derived from the rowan tree, whose scarlet berries glow among the green foliage. They will not do so for long, as the birds are exceptionally fond of this fruit, and soon strip the trees. Canny Scotch housewives make a preserve of rowan berries that eats well with grouse, but they are not much more agreeable to eat raw than the bitter sloe—one likes the Scotch form of the word better, *slae*, perhaps from some dim memory of the poem, "The cherry and the slae." The purple berries form an exquisite if not very showy ornament of the wild hedge just now, and are picked to make sloe gin, a drink held in much esteem by rustics. Its companion, the whitethorn, produces fruit whose beauty is not appreciated precisely because it is so common. Yet nothing could be finer, what time leaves are changing colour, than the ruddy glow of haws as the rays of a setting sun fall upon them. Indeed, the colour of fruit adds much to the exquisite charm of autumn, the apple blushing red among withering foliage, the bright scarlet hips where the briar roses were, the dark bramble-berries topping the thicket or the tall hawthorn hedge. All the finest grow at the top, where they get most sunlight, and so well known is this in counties such as Hampshire, that those who gather them may often be seen carrying a small ladder. The berries of the yew, though not so conspicuous, are beautiful when seen amid the tree's dark foliage. Although the leaves are poisonous to horses, cows, and deer, they are eatable by goats, hares, and rabbits. Thus one creature's meat is another's bane; "hemlock juice prevails and kills a man, but fattens goats and quails." The soft part of the berry is not noxious to man, but the hard core is injurious. In some parts of England there is a superstitious belief that the elder-berries are poisonous, but, of course, this is not so, although a sickening feeling ensues after eating too many. But the elder, the Scotch birch, or hower tree, has ever been dear to housewives, and the old-fashioned cottage garden was not considered complete without one. At old-fashioned farmhouses they still make elder-berry wine, and it grieves the present deponent, who loves what is ancient, not to be able to speak highly of it or reprove Mr. Hulme, who remembers it as "a horrible preparation." Our modern palates would appear to be depraved through the use of cheap clarets. At any rate, not with honesty can we sing the praise of home-made liquids, not even of home-brewed ale, even the best October. So it has to be conceded that some of the wild fruits have lost their utilitarian value. We no longer try to cure "blacknesse or blewnesse" with the root of an iris "clean washed and steeped with a few drops of rose-water," or use juniper-berries for "the biting of adders or vipers." But the beauty and seemliness of these plants of Nature's wild garden are our inalienable possession, and our thanks are due to the writer and author of this book for doing so much to increase our appreciation of it. Those who are engaged in farming probably hold, rather cynically, that it were well if the æsthetic view could be made to prevail still more, for they take no great joy in the visitors who come to gather blackberries or mushrooms and are not at all particular about shutting gates or refraining from the disturbance of livestock.

Our Portrait Illustrations.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Smith-Dorrien, the wife of Major-General Smith-Dorrien, who commanded the 19th Brigade in the South African War. She is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Schneider, of Oak Lea, Furness Abbey. On page 335 will be found a portrait of Lady Teynham and her six year old son, the Hon. Christopher Roper-Curzon.



AN interest not altogether devoid of pathos attaches to the King's home-going to Balmoral. It is associated more almost than anywhere else with memories of his mother. Here Queen Victoria, in a sense, put aside her crown and lived in the modest, simple style of a Scotch lady, visiting the poor, wandering by herself, conversing on easy terms with laird and cottager. As Prince of Wales, too, the King spent many happy times there, and the recollection of them must have come back in a flood. His entry into Balmoral in unostentatious privacy, though it may in part have been rendered necessary by his state of health (since we cannot forget that, marvellous as his recovery has been, he cannot yet have regained his full strength), was also in accord with the family traditions. One hopes that he will have a happy, tranquil holiday in the old home after his wanderings on sea and land. After the excitement of the last few months he has well earned a complete rest.

In regard to the preservation of the Sonning Bridges, our readers will like to know that we have asked permission of the Oxfordshire County Council to reproduce their plans, so as to enable the public to judge of their merits. Lord Valentia, the chairman of the Council, has very kindly and cordially informed us that he is most willing that this should be done, and we therefore hope to be able to show next week exactly what is contemplated. That ought to give all who are interested the opportunity to form an unbiassed opinion on the merits of the case. And it is one of very great importance. The recent development of motor traffic has caused people to think of the same thing in various parts of the country. Several of our oldest bridges were never meant to bear such traffic as now passes over them. And it behoves the country to see that the strengthening or rebuilding where it has become really necessary is done with attention to seemliness and tradition.

Mr. Seddon has quitted the English stage with the bow of a well-graced actor, and has confided his tender last farewell to the columns of a daily paper. It would not be easy to describe the exact results of the visit of the Colonials; but, on the other hand, much is accomplished that cannot be set down in black and white. Indeed, when it comes to a matter of producing a better understanding between distant peoples, the best results are the most difficult to lay hands on. But Mr. Seddon may return with the assurance that he has been a very welcome visitor, and that the Colonials have done much to generate and increase a spirit of true Imperialism in the nation.

During last week the obituary was a long and sad one. It included the celebrated German physician, Dr. Virchow, who was almost as prominent in politics as he was in medicine. At home we have lost an almost equally distinguished man of science in Sir Frederick Abel, so well known as a chemist and an expert in explosives. Dr. Baily has also died at Nottingham. His name is curiously familiar as the author of "Festus," though nobody reads or knows that poem now. It was written sixty years ago, when the author was a young man of twenty-three, and it caused him to be hailed as a genius. Tennyson, then in the pride of his strength, could not find language strong enough to sound its praise. But, as the old proverb says, "Much water has passed under the bridge since then." Dr. Baily took the old legend of Dr. Faustus and the Devil, which before his time had fired the imagination of Marlowe and of Goethe, and upon it he strung the philosophy of his age. But it was pre-Darwinian, and does not appeal at all to the children of to-day, so that the author's celebrity rests on an unread poem.

Few people realise what the vagaries of the weather have cost the farmer this season. A well-known agriculturist of Essex who farms a holding of only moderate extent told the writer of this note that he would not take £500 for the damage done. The ingathering of his hay is not yet complete, and it has already

lasted eleven weeks. It was a monstrous crop in point of size, but the goodness has all been washed out by the rain. He grows hay for the purpose of feeding his dairy cattle, kept for the purpose of sending milk into London, and from careful accounts kept he is well aware that excessive rain in haytime works out in less milk and poorer quality. He is now in the middle of his corn harvest, but it gets on very slowly. When it does not rain the dews are very heavy, and wet from dew he considers more harmful than wet from rain. The outlook is therefore very far from cheering, though the days of sunshine experienced just after these words had been spoken must have put rather a better complexion on it. Still, the harvest is far from being completed over the greater part of England, and it is impossible that the grain can now be got in in good condition.

A few quotations from the agricultural writer for the *Times*, who is no pessimist, more than bears out this impression. In Bedfordshire barley grain is much stained by wet, and "potato disease is spreading rapidly." In South Yorkshire "large areas of barley and oats are laid flat by the rains." In Aberdeenshire cutting will not begin till the end of September. Potato disease is rampant. It is reported from 17 localities in Kent, 15 in Sussex, 12 in Hants, 10 in Wilts, 10 in Somerset, 10 in Dorset, 12 in Devon, 9 in Cornwall, 13 in York, 14 in Lincoln, and 11 in Norfolk. As absolute proof of the lateness of the harvest it is sufficient to point out that the quantity of English wheat placed on the market in August is only about a sixth of what it was in the corresponding month of 1896, and very much less than it was in any of the succeeding years. These are very unpleasant facts to chronicle, and their full bearing will not be apparent till we are able to speak with certainty of the imported grain. Should foreign harvests turn out well, the winter will be a very hard one for English farmers.

A great deal of informal discussion is going on in regard to the milk standard imposed by the Board of Agriculture. Not long ago a dairy farmer who sends his milk to London was "had up" for adulteration. He undoubtedly sold his milk as it came from the cows, but it did not come up to the required standard. The owner of a herd of Ayrshires who earns his money in the same way lives in fear and trembling. He has had his milk tested several times lately, and finds that it does not yield the required 3 per cent. of butter fat. He argues that something is not right in this, because Ayrshire cows yield, he considers, a fair quality of milk, one that is at least superior to what you get from Dutch cows. We cannot, however, profess much sympathy with this lament, uttered as it is not only by those who have Ayrshires, but also by the possessors of the poorer class of shorthorn. Three per cent. is not an unreasonably high percentage of butter fat, and it can always be attained by adding a few Jerseys to any herd that does not yield it naturally.

Hop-picking has already begun in most districts in the South of England. It is impossible to say definitely what the yield per acre will be, but if the bright sunshine and warm winds with which this week opened continue long enough to enable the farmer to harvest his valuable crop in good condition, it ought to be sufficiently remunerative to compensate to some extent for the comparative failure of his grain crops. The wet, cold summer has induced the plants to produce wood and leaf rather than flowers, but, on the other hand, they have suffered less from insect pests than usual. It is sincerely to be hoped that the weather may be propitious, not only on the farmers' account, but for the sake of the vast army of pickers, mostly from the slums of London, who derive both health and profit from their annual exodus to God's green fields.

It is long since we have had a year so favourable as the present to the pursuits of the student and collector of wild flowers. Ill weeds grow apace, especially when the rain of heaven falls abundantly, and this year every scrap of soil that has not been carefully watched by a gardener has contributed to the floral wealth. The flowering of thistles has been extraordinary, and if care has not been taken to cut them down before they have cast their seeds far and wide we may have a vastly increased crop of them in the arable lands and pastures for several years to come. Prevention of the spread of these evil things is easier than their cure.

A perfectly new style of farming has just been described by Mr. Digby Pigott, who has discovered a thrifty man who makes his livelihood out of a mere. The water is about thirteen acres in extent and close to a village street. It has for several years been worked for profit with good results, the crops being three in number—reeds, fish, and water-fowl. The fish are chiefly eels and pike, which are taken during the close season for duck. The latter are caught alive by means of a trap (which Mr. Digby Pigott refrains from describing), and are sold to people who want to stock ornamental waters. For these there seems to be a very keen demand, and the prices are very satisfactory, ranging from

12s. a dozen for the humble water-hen to as much as three guineas for a pair of scaups or golden eye. From a list of the takes in August it would seem that the wildfowl taken are mallard, teal, shovellers, tufted duck, gadwall, coots, moorhen, water-rail, and dabchick. Mr. Pigott whets our curiosity to know more by his remark that the sundries have so far been two pike—one of 7lb.—caught in a duck-trap. What sort of duck-trap is it that you can catch pike in?

Since the publication of its famous history few places have been more freely visited than Selborne, and very great interest has been excited by the news that *The Wakes*, the well-known residence of Gilbert White, is for sale. It is proposed to raise subscriptions in order to purchase and convert it into a Selbornian Museum. This is a very worthy object, and the success which has attended the acquisition by the City and Corporation of Lichfield of the house Samuel Johnson was born in, offers an encouraging precedent, though in that instance a private individual came forward and made a present of the house to his fellow-townsmen. Among the innumerable admirers of Gilbert White it ought not to be impossible to find one with an equal amount of public spirit. To make *The Wakes* a place at which interesting things connected with the great writer could be seen would be both interesting and instructive. The attempt to do so, at any rate, is most laudable.

ROWANS.

A little spray, a sun-kiss'd spray
Of rowans from the Cambrian hills;
To me they bring the wild bird's lay,
The music of the mountain rills.
Since last I heard these voices sweet
Of Nature in her fastness wild
'Tis long; and how I love to greet
These gems on which her face has smiled.
One moment since from me did steal
A sigh of weariness, but now
I see the wild flowers bloom, and feel
The mountain breezes touch my brow.

F. E. WILSON.

Loch Leven has this year proved a great disappointment to the multitudes of Scottish anglers that generally find some sport in angling its beautiful waters. But now the season is just over, and the records prove it the worst for five-and-twenty years. The reason is fairly apparent—the Loch has been very low, and as a consequence the duckweed, which invaded it first a few years back, has become more troublesome and more ubiquitous than it has been in any recent years before this. Even the fish themselves seem to be tainted with a greenish tinge and peculiar flavour from the weed. The condition of things is serious, for the duckweed's growth is notoriously hard to check, and Loch Leven gives pleasure to so many anglers that its failure would mean the loss of a valuable national asset to Scotland.

The difficulty of obtaining really trustworthy information about sea fishing seems likely to be overcome to a certain extent by the International Council which has just been formed for the study of the sea. Great Britain, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia are all represented. France is the only great maritime Power of Western Europe which does not take part in this most laudable enterprise. The sea has been portioned out so that each country will be responsible for a particular part, and that allotted to Great Britain is the northern part of the North Sea, the western portion of the English Channel, and the Faroe-Shetland Channel. The Government of each country will supply the necessary ships for the purpose, and nothing but good can come of the undertaking. Should it be found that trawling and over-fishing generally is likely to diminish the world's supply of fish, surely a method will be found whereby the evil may be checked; but that the whole question bristles with difficulties is apparent when the problem of preserving fish within the three-mile limit is considered.

Some very remarkable discoveries are reported by the Michael Sars, the Norwegian vessel commissioned for scientific work in the North Sea, as a result of some recent international conferences at Christiania and Stockholm. The principal discovery is that of the existence of large fishes, of the shark and other species, at a great depth in the sea. So far down as a mile they were found, of 3ft. or 4ft. in length, and it is evident that if carnivorous fish of this size could find support there the abundance of their food supply must be considerable. Hitherto the theory has rather been that only small and simple organisms could support life at that depth and pressure; but Dr. Hgort, using a big "otter" trawl—that is to say, a trawl with no beam, but with weighty metal side plates—has made draughts of fishes that really are miraculous as compared with the results, mainly negative, obtained by the

small nets used previously for scientific fishing at a great depth. The truth appears to be that the more we learn of the sea the more we are likely to find of fish life in infinite number and variety. It is a notable circumstance that the Michael Sars is named after the Norwegian naturalist of distinction, who was first to prove the existence of life at great depths in the fiords of Norway.

This is the period when the poacher sings, or ought to sing, "Tis my delight of a shiny night at the season of the year," and already the police courts bear testimony to affrays with poachers. But in France matters are still worse. The new game-preserving there has developed a kind of poacher that does not exist in England—one who carries out his campaign methodically and in a wholesale manner. We are afraid the new law will act in his favour. It gives a local opening day to partridge and pheasant shooting respectively, and that, as far as we can see, only facilitates the sale of stolen game. At any rate it gives the poacher an opportunity of selling his bag more easily. He can raid an estate which has a late opening day, and when the birds are on the shop counter they are legally for sale, because they might have come from a district that opened earlier. As President Loubet has been one of the first to suffer in his shooting from the new arrangement, we may fairly assume that it will not be long before a new change in the law is effected.

The person who signs himself "P. S." and says he is a Boer has delivered himself of what we hope is the last of his homiletics, since he tempts us greatly to make a slight transposition in the spelling of his name. His burden now is that the doom of Britain is sealed, because her rulers have refused to go in for conscription. He gives the Empire about ten years more, after which he thinks it will be chaos come again. But prophecy has ever yet been a risky game, and some of us who have given as much thought to the future as this scribe, do not believe that the way of salvation lies through universal military service. In these days an athletic youth who can shoot and has had his intelligence developed in a general way is much more valuable than the automatically drilled soldier. Great Britain is not by any means in a cocksure or over-confident mood. Her sons recognise that a wider education and greater efficiency generally are most advisable and needful. But that very willingness to see and acknowledge whatever is weak is the factor "P. S." does not count upon—it is in reality a very strong attribute.

It appears that we did, most unwittingly, rather less than justice to the merits of a certain river, the Ellidaa, in Iceland, in a recent appreciative note on the wonderful results of its salmon angling. On the very best authority, that namely of the owner of the river himself, we learn the truly blessed fact that "No midges or mosquitoes are known in this part of Iceland. On calm days there are some flies, but not enough to require a veil. On some of the other rivers flies are troublesome." Further, our correspondent says: "The accommodation on the river in question consists of two houses of five rooms (four bedrooms and kitchen with range) reserved entirely for the use of sportsmen using the river. I have been fishing on this river for eight years and have not as yet had any experience of roughing it." All the conditions taken into consideration, especially that principal one of the wonderful abundance of the salmon, it would seem as if the salmon angler's ideal paradise was at last discovered.

It is a comfort to see whole columns of an energetic London daily newspaper filled with letters about the woman question, because it means that at last the excitement of the last few years has subsided, and we can once more afford to have a silly season. What the argument is about or who the furious controversialists are we really have not had leisure to determine, but the eye is pleased to note all these long letters and to catch sight of the comforting old phrases, "Being much interested in the columns of, etc.," "Having read the letters, etc." How much nicer it is to have a good old-fashioned argument about the woman question than to have people calling one another political names and getting really angry over matters that involve blood-letting. Should Women Work? is the question they are all trying to answer, and for our part we think it depends on the women. Some appear to have been built for nothing else, and others for nothing like it. There are women one would always see working and women whom we would never have to do anything.

We hear a great deal about the poverty of Irish tenants and their inability to pay existing rents, but it is sometimes well to consider the other side of the case. A North of Ireland landlord puts this very strongly and plainly before the public in the matter of a "farm" recently sold in an Ulster county. The holding consists of thirty-nine acres, half of which is un reclaimed land, and £70 is allowed for improvements on the other portion. The old rent was £13 10s., the first term under a judicial rent

£11 10s., which was further reduced to £8 10s. on the second appeal to the Land Court, showing a total reduction of 38 per cent. in the rental. Recently the tenant sold his interest in the holding for £350, or forty years' purchase, which at $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. would amount to £12 5s., and this added to the existing rent would bring it up to £21, or 140 per cent. over rent

reserved to landlord! And in the face of this Irish landlords are accused of being a grinding lot, ever trying for their "pound of flesh." It is, of course, most provoking to see rents reduced about one-third and then to see the tenant sell his interest for forty years' purchase, while the owner for the fee-simple would not get anything like half the amount.

OLD-FASHIONED HARVESTERS.

LAST week we gave some illustrations of the very newest method of reaping corn—viz., by means of a motor-car driven by petrol. This week we show M. Frechon's beautiful series of photographs of harvesting in the old style. Improvements never are universally accepted all over the country at once, and not even in Great Britain have the scythe and the sickle become altogether obsolete. They are to be found most frequently on small holdings, and particularly such as are owned by the occupier. No more thorough-going Conservative is to be found than the English yeoman or the French peasant proprietor. He is extremely slow to accept an improvement, even when its advantages are apparent to the most casual eye. Nor is this altogether a matter of sentiment either. Owners of tiny properties in land are rarely in command of capital. After a series of bad years, indeed, a majority of them are usually in debt. One difficulty then is, that whereas

a reaper and binder usually costs about £40, the sickle can be had for a very few shillings. When the amount of corn grown is small it is doubtful if under any circumstances the purchase of expensive machinery is really economical. Probably a day, or at most a week, would suffice to cut the harvest, and for all the rest of the year the machine would earn nothing—it would represent unproductive capital. People often forget that elementary fact when blaming small farmers for their want of enterprise. It is conceded, too, that a small holding is most advantageously worked when the family of the farmer supplies the labour, which in a sense therefore costs nothing, or nothing that can be acutely felt. There are parts of France, however, where co-operation surmounts the obstacle. A number of neighbours combine to have the expensive machine in common, but the system demands a training in co-operative work to succeed. Fields in the same district usually ripen together, and as each holder is anxious to

secure his crop first, it is easy to see how differences may arise. They are avoided when the farmer makes up his mind to forego the advantages of a quick reaping machine and stick to the primitive sickle or the scythe. Where crops are light, the latter is probably the better and more expeditious implement; but there is one thing against it: mowing is one of the hardest tasks on the farm. An on-looker wonders how a man can continue at it for so long. At break of day the mower is out, and his scythe is going "swish, swish" till dark, with a few short intervals for meals. The back must be of iron that can remain bent during so many hours of strenuous labour. Usually the mower is one of the strongest men on the farm, and, though nearly all other tasks are essayed by women, his is an exception. One has seen the farm woman at a great many unwomanly tasks—tossing hay, forking corn, filling and carting manure—but the present writer cannot recall an occasion when he saw a female mower. For some years past a strong prejudice against women doing any kind of outdoor work has been gaining ground. Girls in Norfolk and Lincolnshire esteem it a shame to be seen in the hay or harvest field. One does not clearly see why, except that the demand for domestic servants is very keen in East Anglia, and they prefer housework to fieldwork. In Northumberland women on the large farms do quite as much as the men, and are none the worse for it. On the contrary, the out-working women, as far as physique goes, are superior to those who remain indoors. Curiously enough, however, the East Anglian girls are as intent on ruining their complexions as are the bondagers of the North. The complaint is common that they have succumbed to the singular vice of eating starch



M. Emil Frechon.

TWO MERRY HARVESTERS.

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and uncooked rice, so that mistresses dare not leave these articles about. Their object, it is believed, is to secure a pale complexion, but the consequence in nine cases out of ten is to produce anæmia.

On allotments and small holdings much of the outdoor work has always been, and is likely to be, done by women. So it is amongst the peasant proprietors of France. The two merry harvesters of our first picture obviously do not belong to the class of weather-beaten, hard-featured women who are accustomed to labour in the open. They are daughters of the house, who look upon harvest as a kind of holiday, and who have not yet been accustomed to the use of the sickles they hold so gingerly. The difference between them and the wage-earning shearers once so familiar in our villages is that between the amateur and the professional. A shearer carried the effects of a hard life about with her. She was seldom big or stout, because a heavy frame does not endure the strain so well, but rather short and wiry, bent a little with continuous stooping, her arms all sinew, her hands coarsened with using agricultural implements. Nor was she accustomed to smile so sweetly and amiably as M. Frechon's

fancy that the man before us, though he does not look unlike his work, might have come at no distant date from an agricultural college. Before the end of the harvest comes labour will have left more imprint on his brow.

Pleasant indeed it is to watch the harvesters at the hour of rest; brown faces dripping with sweat, or being wiped with red handkerchiefs. It is the time of thorn extracting and flirtation among the young, and of deep libations by those who are of riper years. Mowing is very thirsty work; it leads in point of fact to a thirst practically unquenchable, and beer is certainly the most popular liquid in the harvest-field. But it is not universal. The thrifty Scot of old time (we are afraid he is less frugal in these degenerate days) used to steep a handful of oatmeal in water, and it made a drink which, when all is said and done, was probably the best of all. Hard work or hard exercise of any kind is not helped by deep libations of beer, though a moderate quantity is beneficial. In our own West Country and in Normandy cider would be preferred, but farmers' cider is rather intoxicating stuff, and that for the harvest was usually made out of the very refuse of apples and allowed to



M. Emil Frechon.

"PASS THE HAMMER, PLEASE."

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subjects do. Her humour corresponded more with her general character, and was inclined to be somewhat boisterous at times, though one has seen bondagers who are not lacking in a quiet drollery of their own. But those before us have probably just come out for the first day of harvest. They would not make quite so attractive a picture towards night, when the effects of hours of toil began to tell. In the second photograph we have people of the same class. The moustachioed young man in his plain but substantial dress and latchety boots is neither a "Paddy" nor a common labourer, but, as they said of the war, "a kind of a sort of" a gentleman who might be son and heir of a small owner. We do not have a class that exactly corresponds to his in this country, though some of the working East Anglian farmers are not much different. They are often even of substance, but do not disdain manual labour on that account; on the contrary, they pride themselves on being able to "lead the men" in the tasks of the field. And the best of them bring up their sons to follow in their own footsteps, with something added in the way of extra education. One could easily

ferment till the sugar was all changed into alcohol. Our last picture is more suggestive than any other of the idyllic beauty of the harvest-field. Not here or now do we need to praise the exquisite tints and tones of colour produced by ripe grain bathed in sunshine. To the agricultural mind there is nothing like it in the whole world. One has heard a farmer, of the most prosaic type, who never in his life read a line of descriptive poetry, wax quite eloquent over the glory of his wheat, praising it as a man might praise the maid he loved. But he belonged to an old farming family who had tilled the same holding for centuries. Each of them in his day, and the son begotten by him in his turn, had looked forward to this sight as the culmination of the year's work—the final crown and reward for days of sore labour in rain and shine. He was like a patient wooer, who after long waiting knew the time had come to clasp his bride. Events have occurred of recent years to cool somewhat this passionate love of wheat, but yet it is in the blood, inherited from a long ancestry, and can never be altogether rooted out.

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THE YELLOW CORN.

M. Emil Frechen.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE DECLINE OF SONG.

WHEN I was writing last week, August was passing to the music of quite an unaccustomed choir of birds, evidently excited to sing by the springlike softness given to the air by persistent south-westerly winds. In a day or two, however, the chorus died away, and even the yellow-hammer grew silent, leaving us only the starling, swallow, and robin in song; but the twittering of the martins, becoming more multitudinous on the barn roof every day, the shivering chorus of goldfinch and linnet families among the fruiting weeds, and the ringing note of the coal-tit in the shrubberies, filled the air with as much noise of birds as one has the right to expect at this season.

POLYGAMY AS AN AID TO MUSIC.

Why some kinds of birds continue to sing, or restart singing, when others are silent, is one of the interesting questions of bird-life which science has yet to answer, though I think that we can make a fair guess at part of the answer. Taking "song" in its widest sense—as the notes of challenge, whether musical in our ears or not, uttered chiefly or solely by the male bird—we can understand why the polygamous birds, like the pheasant, crow readily at most seasons of the year, because no time comes much amiss to them for adding to the harem. Other birds which are content with one wife would naturally sing, i.e., challenge rivals, only at times when rivals are dangerous, that is to say, when they are on the look-out for wives and nesting sites. Thus spring is the natural season of bird song, which is continued so long as wives and nesting sites are objects of desire. Birds which rear only one brood would have no need to sing when the family is established, and for this reason some of our summer birds have a much shorter period of song than others.

SINGING BETWEEN BROODS.

When, however, birds rear several families, exciting intervals that demand song occur between the broods; and since different pairs begin and finish nesting on different dates, the song of these birds appears to be continuous throughout the summer, although never in such volume as in early spring. This is just what one would expect, for in early spring all of them would be engaged in wooing, but afterwards only a proportion of their number would be courting at one time. One would also expect that in August, when most birds give up all thoughts of rearing another family, silence would fall upon field and grove, as in effect it does, thus showing how real the connection is between nesting and singing in most birds' minds.

THE MEANING OF AUTUMN MUSIC.

In the autumn, however, some kinds of birds begin, after a long interval, to sing again, though the songs are by no means such finished performances as were those of spring. For this reason it has been generally supposed that the birds merely "try over" their notes in autumn, and do not sing in earnest. This supposition, however, appears based on a misconception of the nature of birds' song. Though much of it sounds musical to us, it is not an artistic performance on the bird's part. The crow, with his harsh croak, is as well satisfied with it as the nightingale with his many trills and quavers. In each case song is the bird's natural shout and war-cry, and needs no practice or "trying over." The real reason why these autumn songs are inferior to those of spring is, I think, that only the young birds of the year, who have not yet acquired their full vocal powers, sing in autumn. But why should the young birds of some species only sing in autumn? The explanation of this appears to be that those kinds of birds which pair only for the season sing only in the spring, when they find their mates; whereas birds which pair for life begin to sing in autumn, as soon as they feel old enough to take a wife.

MARRIAGE FOR THE SEASON.

The reason why some birds pair for the season only and others for life must be sought in the habits of each species. Among migrants, for instance, the tendency must be towards marriage for the season only, because there would be much useless sacrifice of life if, when one bird was injured or fell ill upon the journey, its mate should be tempted to remain with it, apart from the natural difficulty which birds would encounter in the attempt to travel from England to Africa and back again without losing each other. At the same time, both birds would always be actuated by the same desire to return to their previous nesting-place; and so it may often happen that husband and wife reunite in spring, though they have lived separate lives in distant lands since the previous autumn.

PARTNERS FOR LIFE.

Birds which associate in flocks in the winter may also lose touch of their mates, while other birds may be obliged to live singly in winter because two together would run greater risk of discovery, or would exhaust the food resources of a locality. Thus there are many reasons why it must be better for some kinds of birds to marry only for the season; while reasons equally potent may be found for other kinds of birds marrying for life. Two heads, for instance, are always better than one; and while a pair of birds of prey are able to assist each other in flying down their quarry, the birds which they prey upon have also a better chance of escape when there are always two pairs of watchful eyes on the look-out for danger, and the alarm note of one saves both. And, since this advantage would, both in the case of the birds of prey and in that of the birds preyed upon, be most valuable during their first winter, when they are comparatively weak and foolish, Nature would see to it that they formed their unions as early as possible; that is to say, as soon as they had finally left their parents' charge in autumn. So when you hear the kestrel calling, and the thrush or yellow-hammer singing in autumn, you may reasonably conclude, I think, that the reason why they are vocal when so many birds are silent is that they are birds whom the struggle for existence has taught to seek useful partners for life as early as possible, and that the reason why their song is weak or imperfect is that the old songsters, who are already paired for life, have no need to sing except in spring, when they are obliged to defy all comers in defence of their nesting sites.

THE STARLING'S WINTER SONG.

A few birds, such as the starling, skylark, and robin, sing not only in autumn, but throughout the winter, and, bearing in mind the fact that song is the language of defiance, and considering the habits of these birds, I think that this admits of explanation on the same lines. The starlings which sing in winter are not those which consort in flocks in the fields and roost all together in fens or woods at night, but those male members of small communities or separate pairs which have established residences in some roof or hollow tree; and, since it is important for their welfare that they should hold these against all comers, it is natural for them to sing, to let the vagrant starlings of the fields

know that a warm reception awaits them if they come trespassing where they are not wanted. And the starling is able to sing with impunity in winter because hawks do not appear to find him eatable.

THE SKYLARK ALSO.

The skylark is also able to sing in winter with impunity, because, given a fair start, he can outfly any hawk, and when he sings, he takes the precaution of rising aloft, whence he can view the approach of danger from any side. At the same time, he would not have acquired the habit of singing in winter if it were not to his advantage in the struggle for existence; and I think that his motive is much the same as that which animates the starling. Though the fields are full of flocks of migrant larks which consort together like the starlings in a quarrelsome sort of amity, there are also a certain number of resident larks in every pasture who hotly resent the invasion of their rights. These are the birds which sing; because they find it none too easy a job to pick up a subsistence for themselves throughout the winter, and they wish to let the strangers know that they are not wanted there.

JEALOUSY OF ROBINS.

The same motive underlies the winter singing of the robin, too; but this bird carries the habit to excess, not only in the persistence with which it sings at all hours in all weathers of winter, but also in the separation of the sexes, the female apparently trilling out defiance and fighting for her isolated rights as boldly as the male. This peculiarity must have its special cause, of course; and I think that it is to be found in the past history of the robin, which became the constant companion of man in the days before the latter was civilised enough to have doors and windows to his dwellings. Then the robin was free to come and go, and learnt, as our dogs and cats learn, to be furiously jealous of all interlopers. Every robin, it appears to me, is born with an instinctive tendency towards friendship with man, and seems to value it so highly that he or she will not share it with any other robin. So they mark out their several little spheres of influence in the garden, and shout aloud their defiance of all comers at all hours of the day in every sort of weather. E. K. R.

"FOURSES."

IT was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the metallic murmuring of the reaper ceased for a while in the Ten Acre Field. For at four o'clock in the afternoon the harvestmen leave their work for a while and adjourn to a shady bank on the field border, there to partake of their "fourses"—that is to say, to munch the harvest-cake and drink the home-brewed ale which at that hour are sent up from the farmhouse in the valley. As usual, old Griggs was the first to reach the bank, but in deference to an unwritten law of the harvest-field he refrained from touching the huge wicker-encased bottle until Simmons, the "lord" of the harvest, had refreshed himself with a long draught of ale.

"Du you know," remarked that worthy, when he had handed the bottle to old Griggs; "du you know, chaps, I kinder reckon as how th' owd maaster 'ull think we owt to be fudder ahid wi' this here fild than we be; but could we—now, I ax ye—could we ha' known as how that new raaper 'ud go wrong afore we'd used it a waak? I maintain—an' I don't care what anyone may say to th' contrary—that there's some things—such as bolts fallen' out o' new raapers—what may happen an' no one be ter blame for 'em."

"Lor, bor!" said old Griggs, "don't you worrit yarself about what th' owd maaster may think, nor yit about what he may say. Did you ever know a farmer what worn' allus a-fidgettin' an' a-hukkerin' so long as there wor a shooove standin' in his filds? I du famly belaaave as how we might begin harvestin' on a Monday mornin' an' finish by Saturday forenoon, an' yit th' owd maaster 'ud say as how 't might ha' bin done by Friday night. Farmers is all like that at harvest-time—aye, even th' best on 'em—an' it 'on't du to pay no (any) heed to 'em, but jist let 'em have their say. I never knew a harvest yit which worn't done suner or later; but I never knew one what wor finished as sune as th' farmer thowt it might ha' bin. Now jist luke at us here! We ha' bin at wuk here since six t' mornin', an' at wuk here we shall be till eight this evenin'; but if you was to ax th' owd maaster he'd say as how we might ha' bin here half-an-hour suner an' finish half-an-hour later. An' th' owd maaster aint one o' th' wust o' th' worriters by no manner o' maans, as we know. Harvestin' is to farmers what washin' day is to our missuses—a time when they aint quite theirselves, an' when it 'on't du to taake more'n half what they say as meant seerous. At any rate, that's my way o' thinkin'. What du you say, Billy, bor?"

Billy Thrower had been driving the reaper since shortly after daybreak, and the continual shaking he had received as the machine jolted over the clods had ruffled his temper. At first he made no answer to old Griggs's question; but when it was repeated he replied with vigour, emphasising his remarks by smacking the beer bottle, which he seemed in no hurry to part with.

"Well, bor, if you want my compinion here ter be. I don't say as how our maaster aint as good as most on 'em; but what I du say is this. Farmers don't du th' right thing nowadys if they want their men to make a good harvestin'. I ha' heerd my father say as how he wukked on th' Beech Croft Farm men an' boy nigh on sixty year, an' every year, when harvest wor over, owd Sam Wethergood, what had th' farm, used to hev all th' men an' their wives an' childer up at th' farm kitchen an' treat 'em right well. There'd be all th' wittels an' drink they wanted, an' arter th' supper there'd be more beer an' plenty o' baccy for

th' men, to say nothin' o' singin' an' dancin' in th' barn. Nowadays we may think we're lucky if we get a bottle o' beer a day. An' I ax you—What be th' good o' our goin' round arter largesse when harvestin' is done? You may tramp twenty mile a day if you like, an' you 'on't git enough to pay for an evenin's fun at th' Swan. The fact on 't is, th' country aint what it was. What wi' farmers' sons spendin' half their time a-ridin' about wi' th' Yeomanry, an' farmers' daughters a-spinnin' about all day on bicycles instead o' helpin' their mothers in th' dairy, th' farmers aint likely to hev money to spare for harvest suppers or largesse. Why, blow me, 'tis on'y t' other day I heerd as how our maaster's daughter had gin (give) orders for a new grass-plot to play crookey on! Crookey!—an' her poor owd mother ha' tu make th' butter! If that's what's come o' high skulin', th' less farmers' daughters hev o' high skulin' th' better, I say."

"Aye, bor," said old Griggs, "I quite howd wi' what you say about that. Th' owd missus never had no high skulin'. All she larnt wor taught her at th' village skule—an' enough tu! But when folks come t' call on young miss—whu sit in th' best rume o' Wednesday arternunes a-waitin' for 'em—th' owd missus hev tu stay in th' kaapin'-rume, or else in th' kitchen a-makin' tea an' cuttin' slithers o' brid-an'-butter. Young miss say as how she can't abide her common way o' spakin', so my Jennie tell me. It's allus, 'Oh, ma, you shouldn't say that!' or 'Ma, how can you du that afore company?' 'Tain't long ago that Miss Finnickin' run upstairs a' hid in th' attic a-cause the owd maaster hollar'd out summut about pigs' wittels when a young swell from town wor a-callin' on her. To talk about pigs' wittels afore town gents, she said, worn't proper or perlite."

I wonder she didn't say as how 'tworn't right to feed pigs when her swells is around."

"Ah, things is a-comin' tu a rum pass an' no mistake." This from a solemn-visaged farm-hand who until now had been too much occupied with his "fourses" to take part in the conversation. "It's my farm belaa'f as how th' time aint werry far orf when there 'on't be nayther men in this country fit tu manage a farm nor women what know how tu luke arter a dairy. Men can't be sodgers an' 'tend to a farm at th' same time, an' milk 'on't charn itself whilst th' women-folk is drinkin' tea in th' parlor—it'll on'y cardle. Why, jist luke at farmers' daughters nowadays, an' then think o' what they wor like in our young time. Now they hev t' go in for what they call fizcal culsher to keep their backs straight: carryin' milk-pails 'ud ha' done that for 'em fifty year ago. An' if there be farmers what can farm, an' farmers' wives what can manage their dairies, where are they a-goin' to git men, boys, an' gals to wuk for 'em? Tell me that! 'Tis said this here teknikul eddication is a-goin' t' du wonders for poor folk in taachin' 'em all sorts o' useful things; but when my boy Teddy went tu a class in th' skule-rume t' other night, what du you think they give him t' du? Why, cut flowers an' sich-like on a picter frame! They'd better ha' shown him how tu maake a hurdle! I reckon we hear a sight tu much about eddication nowadays an' see tu little o' th' right sort. I never had none, an' if you—"

But a sudden movement on the part of Simmons reminded the harvestmen that it was time to resume work, so the solemn-visaged farm-hand had to postpone further expression of his views on education until another day.

.. NOTES ON SUNDIALS. ..

THE whirligig of time has brought sundials into fashion again. Perhaps it would be truer to say they have never been really out of favour, but only laid aside, like our grandmothers' bonnets, until the particular mode of time-reckoning has come round once more.

We mortals, whose days at the longest are so few, have a rooted antipathy to the intangible foe Father Time, who, by invisible means, wears out all our powers, and leaves us—*sans* teeth, *sans* eyes, *sans* everything—glad at last to quit the battlefield of life on which he has conquered us.

It is humiliating to be unable to grapple with him, and so we love all time-markers, be they the shadows on our dials or the hands of our clocks, for they at least can keep pace with Time's footsteps, and give us the satisfaction of feeling we have some visible token of his presence and almost some control over his movements. There is another reason why sundials are seldom discarded for whims of fancy, which is that they are costly to erect, and when once set up are too heavy to be lightly thrown aside, so, even when out of favour, they are still left standing.

In the roseroy of the garden at Weald Hall, Essex, a sundial has been standing for more than 280 years, recording, as its motto says, none but the bright hours of life:

"Horas non numero nisi serenas."

This favourite motto, with its double meaning, speaks but half a truth. Who is there that does not know how the contrast of sunshine without only deepens the darkness that reigns within sorrowing hearts? Was no recording shadow thrown on the dial plate at Weald Hall that 21st day of May, 1650, when "the glorious sun once more looked down" as Montrose was being led to execution?

"A beam of light fell on him
Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven."

But perhaps the motto was true in his case after all, and the hour of Montrose's passing was not a dark one to him. Certain it is the motto remains a universal favourite; it has been even chosen by Queen Alexandra,

in a slightly different form, for a vertical dial at Sandringham House:

"Let others tell of storms and showers,
I'll only count your sunny hours."

The face of the dial at Weald Hall bears the following inscription:

"Isaac Sunmes at Aldgate, fecit 1619."

The signs of the zodiac and a heraldic shield are also engraved upon it. The arms on the shield are not those of Sir Anthony Browne, who owned the property in 1619; possibly they belonged to a friend who may have presented the dial to him.

There is a second dial in the garden at Weald, but this was brought there only a few years ago from Dycthey, a house in the neighbourhood. It has no motto, but is inscribed:

"Lat: 52. 18. Tho. King and Jn. Williams,
Churchwardens, 1776."

This looks as if the plate was originally made for a church, and had been relegated to a garden when it was replaced by a clock on the church, or moved when the churchyard was "tidied up." Such has been the fate of too many ecclesiastical dials!

It is mounted on a fluted pedestal, which stands on the lawn amidst curious surroundings—two leaden figures, a man shooting a fox (*pace* all fox-hunters!), and a fox carrying off a goose on its back, whilst two pheasants cut out of box shrubs watch the unsportsmanlike proceeding in startled attitudes. Can the group have been intended as a scarecrow for Reynard?

These leaden and evergreen figures were at one time fashionable in gardens. At Warwick Castle there are countless peacocks cut out in the shrubs, whilst eighty living specimens of the same lovely bird stalk gracefully about amongst their stiff representatives.

Dials are decorated in various ways. Sometimes the ornamentation is concentrated on the face, at other times on the gnomon, or on the pedestal. There are some notable instances where human figures are employed as supports for horizontal plates.

At Belton House, near Grantham, there is a dial in Lord Brownlow's garden supported by two figures—Old



SUNDIAL AT CAWSTON LODGE.

Chronos and Cupid. The love god seems to be imploring Father Time to arrest his flight, but all in vain, and already Time has had his revenge; the stonework is so defaced and worn away by age that the figures have ceased to be pathetic, and are only quaintly grotesque.

Equally quaint, but more picturesque, are the single figures of Carib Indians that support a dial at Guy's Cliffe, Warwick, and another in the Temple Gardens. The latter was originally at Clement's Inn, but when that was dissolved the dial was brought to the Temple for preservation. Mr. Timbs says the figure was called "The Moor," owing to its being painted black, but this title was a misnomer, for the facial angle both of this figure and of the Guy's Cliffe one, and also the strings of feathers round their loins, show that they represent Carib Indians, probably the "black Caribs" whose race was so much mixed with negro blood. The history of the Temple figure seems to be lost, but there is little doubt that the one at Guy's Cliffe was erected by some member of the Greathed family, who had large possessions in the West Indies, and who owned Guy's Cliffe until it passed into the Percy family by the marriage of a Greathed heiress with one of the Percys.

About ten years ago, when Lord Ilchester was enlarging his fine old English house at Melbury, near Dorchester, he erected a vertical dial on the sunny front of a tower, below the library window. This dial is inscribed with two mottoes, far finer in thought and teaching than the popular one at Weald Hall:

- "(1) C'est l'heure de bien faire.
(2) L'heure passe, l'amitié reste."

The signs of the zodiac are carved down the sides of the dial-face.

All these dials, though varying in the mode of their setting and the treatment of their supports, are simple and alike in type so far as the dial-plates and gnomons are concerned. There are other dials more complicated in character where the gnomon is



Mrs. Delves Broughton.

SUNDIAL AT RIDLEY HALL.

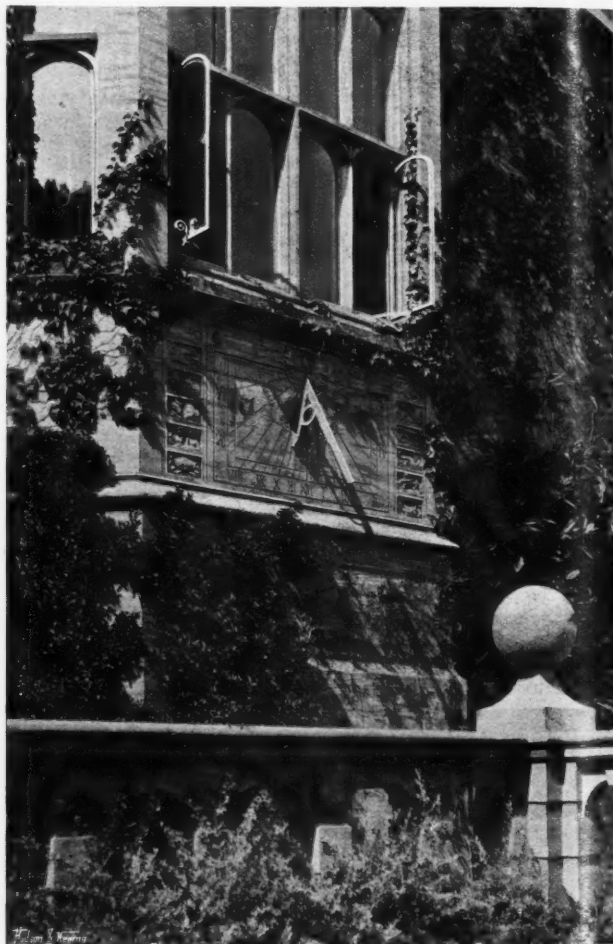
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elaborated to form the chief object of interest. Cross dials are the most familiar examples of this class, and they usually consist of a plain Latin or Greek cross with two arms; but at Compton End, near Winchester, there is a very remarkable specimen, which I am glad to describe here, as it was not recorded in "The Book of Sundials." It was not brought to my notice until after the publication of the last edition (September, 1900).

The Compton End cross has four arms instead of two, and the middle arm, which protrudes above the level of the side arms and stem, casts a shadow down the stem at midday, and down the arms at 6 a.m. and at 6 p.m. It tells the other hours in three, and sometimes four, different places. The cross is said to have been discarded from a churchyard in Hampshire. Its present owner, Mr. Kitchin, has mounted it on a pillar pedestal, and chosen a text for a motto which I believe has not been used before:

"Arise, shine, for thy light has come."

In the Deanery garden at Rochester there is a dial with a gnomon shaped like an anchor; this form is unique so far as I know. I have had great difficulty in learning anything about the history of the dial. The present Dean knows more about the roses in his garden than of this old stone relic. One of the Cathedral



Copyright SOUTH FRONT, MELBURY CASTLE.

vergers, however, states that it was made out of a pinnacle that fell from the east end of the building in Dean Stephen's time, and that he had it adapted to its present form.

Scotland is far richer in fine sundials than any other part of Great Britain, and many of the finest specimens in England are modern copies which Scotch families living here have had made from old dials in their northern homes. The late Lady John Scott, eldest daughter of John Spottiswood, of Spottiswood, County Berwick, erected a very elaborate and beautiful dial at Cawston Lodge, near Rugby. It is not unlike Queen Henrietta Maria's dial at Holyrood in shape, having an octagonal base a



D. Broughton. DINGLEY RECTORY DOORWAY. Copyright

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Mrs. Delves Broughton.

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SUNDIAL IN ROSERY AT WEALD HALL.

foot high, from which rises a column decorated with shields and mottoes. At the top is a facet-headed ball bearing a gnomon on each face. The dial has a memorial to Lord John Scott, and the mottoes refer to him:

"United in time. Parted in time. To be reunited when time shall be no more."

The serpent as an emblem of immortality is introduced, twining round the column. There are other mottoes on the dial belonging to the families of Scott and Spottiswood.

Another dial of Scotch type has been recently set up at Ridley Hall, Northumberland, by the Hon. Francis Bowes Lyon. It somewhat resembles the grand old dial at Glamis Castle, but does not bear so many gnomons on its sides. The pedestal consists of a square shaft, mounted on five steps; this supports an octagon, round the sides of which are four dial plates and four concave faces. On the lower part of the shaft are these lines by the Rev. Greville J. Chester:

"Amydst y^e floures
I tell y^e houres.
"Time wanes away
As floures decay.
"Beyond y^e tombe
Fresh flourets bloome.
"So man shall ryse
Above y^e skyes."

Above them are two Latin mottoes:

- "(1) Post tenebras spero lucem.
(2) Ut umbra sic fugit vita."

The dial forms a charming picture, standing at the end of a long walk surrounded by flower-beds, and having a dark yew hedge in the background. Mr. Chester's verses were written about twenty-five years ago, but have often been supposed to come from some ancient source. Messrs. Barker and Co., of Clerkenwell, who are skilled dial makers, frequently inscribe the first two lines of the verses on their dials. They have done so on one recently erected at Stanegarth, Westmoreland. It is a pity

that the first couplet should be parted from the rest, as alone it is a mere truism in rhyme.

The interest attached to sundials is often apart from the beauty of their form or the aptness of their mottoes. Many, indeed, have no inscriptions. There is one at Dingley Hall, Northants, on a tower of the gateway through which the Man of the Time—Lord Roberts—has passed so often lately, when



Broughton. BELTON HALL TIME & CUPID.

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visiting Lord Downe. We wonder if the General has ever noticed the dial, or observed another mathematical instrument—an armillary sphere, which stands on a pedestal in the garden.

Dingley is rich in dials. There are two on the old rectory, only one of which bears a motto; but though this was inscribed in 1703, it may well be quoted here to bring these too lengthy notes to an end:

"Dum loquimur fugerit invida ætas,
Carpe diem quam minime credula postero."

"While we speak the envious time will have fled;
Seize the present day, trust little to the morrow."

HORATIA K. F. EDEN.

MY MISTRESS.

WE loved one another at first sight. She took me up in her arms and cuddled me against her soft white neck, while she tickled me under the jowl with gentle fingers. Then she whispered: "You must not mind if aunt calls you Carlo—that is her name for every dog; but I shall call you Dor, for though aunt says it would be profane to name you Theodore, you are a gift dearer than any boy."

Never had dog a blither mistress. How she did play! Out of doors, we and the wind raced over the sand-hills, she laughing and I barking as the rabbits skurried away in front of us. But



Mrs. Delves Broughton.

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CROSS DIAL, COMPTON.

if I made a rabbit scream by catching hold of it she would scold, until I thought it wise to limp on three legs, pretending that I had a thorn in the other, from the nasty little white roses that crept amongst the rushes. Indoors she would tuck a paper ball into the velvet band that tied back her beautiful tan-coloured hair; and I would chase her round the room, jumping on chairs and tables and leaping to get it. If I caught hold of it she would cry "Trust, Dor!" which was most unfair.

But we have no games now. Sometimes she was in a teasing mood, and instead of playing would climb into the apple tree and sit there reading a book, and only laugh at my frantic endeavours to reach her. The noise I made would bring the gardener, and he would say: "Now, now, missy, this won't do; you must come down, or there won't be an apple fit to pick." But she had only to peep at him through the branches and speak in a coaxing voice, and he would leave her there and go away smiling, taking no notice of my remarks on his weakness. But she does not climb now.

Other days we went long rambles through the woods; we never hurried then, for we both would be busy looking about, she for flowers or fruit and I for more interesting things. How jealous I felt at the way my mistress watched the birds and squirrels, and she would not let me frighten them. There are pine woods here where we have come to live, but we do not

ramble now. If my mistress goes out she sits in a bath-chair; I share her seat or trot by her side. She says I shall get fat and lazy; she is not fat, she grows thinner day by day. She rests on a couch in her room, and she is not allowed to have me on her feet, as I tire her.

Now another nurse has come who will not let me be in her room at all; she says that I use up the air, so I am shut into a stable at the back of the house except when I am taken for a walk by a woman, who leads me all the time, never runs, and is frightened if I speak to any other dog. But to-day I made a hole in the ground and crept out under the door when it was dark. I slipped into the house when no one was looking and hid outside my mistress's room. When the nurse came out, carrying a tray, she did not see me crawl past her into the room, and she shut the door and went downstairs. The candles were lighted; my mistress was lying in bed, with her hair spread out over her pillow and her hands outside the counterpane. I nestled by her side and licked her fingers. I saw her dear eyes shining with love and tears, but she smiled as she whispered: "Clever, faithful Dor; I am sure you will somehow find your way and follow me to Paradise." So now, in spite of being shut up again, I am happy, for I hope my mistress will soon be joyful as of old in the new place she is going to and that I shall be with her.

W. S.

AN AUSTRALIAN ESTATE.

ONE of the highest farmers and most advanced breeders of blood horses and high-class cattle in all Australia is Mr. Philip H. Morton, whose place at Barrengarry, in the beautiful Kangaroo Valley, is certainly one of the show establishments of this continent. Mr. Morton might be styled a city man, with a taste for the country; indeed, he must have inherited the latter fine liking from his father, a Scottish gentleman, who came out to Australia some years ago to survey the famous Coolangatta Estate, which was illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* during the months of December and January, 1897-98. Nothing but the most choice stock may be seen in the glorious paddocks at Barrengarry, a fine stretch of about 2,000 acres. Here graze all that is good in the way of stock, and the breeding is carried on in a systematic way, the stud and herd books being kept with the precision consonant with the methods of the business man, for this farmer of the week-end is during the other part of the seven days chairman of one of the great financial institutions



CATTLE CROSSING THE KANGAROO RIVER.



KANGAROO RIVER AND FORD.

of New South Wales. Kangaroo Valley is generally known as the garden of this State, and it takes its name from the Kangaroo River, a never-failing stream, where disport themselves native perch and trout, fry of the latter having been placed in the stream a couple of years ago. Here they will grow well, since the Kangaroo receives the wash of exceedingly fertile surroundings, the dairy farmers even climbing the mountains with their herds after they have ring-barked and cleared the trees that grow and flourish right up to the summits.

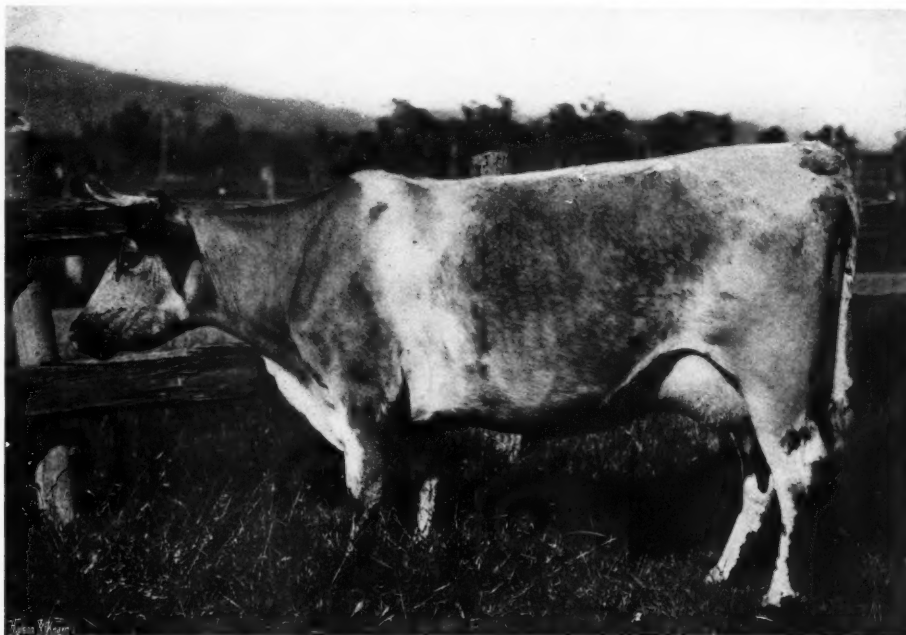
There will be fine fishing soon in the Kangaroo, an abundant waterway, shaded with river oaks, and where clematis is entwined bursting forth in bloom in a very wilderness. Here flit from stump to stump or log to log the splendidly blue-green kingfisher, gorging himself on the smaller fish, while high overhead fly lazily and call coarsely, always keeping in line, the great lemon-crested cockatoos. The melodious, flute-like notes of the many magpies, as their voices re-echo from hill to hill, engage the attention of the traveler; and the different kinds of parrots, butcher-birds, and innumerable finches

furnish interesting matter for the ornithologist, whether he be a "new chum" or the craftiest of seasoned bushmen. In the trees round Barrengarry House at the time of our visit there were scores of birds, that kept up a perfect Babel of feather-language, but the "leather heads" appeared to be masters of the situation, and by sheer force of numbers and determination of purpose would for the moment drive away the other winged things. This, of course, in the daytime, while we sat on the great wide shingle-roofed verandah, gazing away down the valley where meanders the Kangaroo, while in the far-off distance lay the Cambawarra Range, with the Good Dog Mountain as its highest peak, and a landmark for the mariner trying to make his port from the South Pacific. At night the air is illuminated with the attractive fire-flies, while owls float overhead, and there can be noticed the uncanny flight of the flying foxes, as they flock down in thousands from the heights to play havoc with the fruit trees. The extent of the bird life of Australia is one of the first things that strikes the lover of Nature as he takes his walks or rides abroad in the new Commonwealth of the Southern Seas.

Some idea therefore may be gathered of the surroundings of Barrengarry, a charming home, situated about sixteen miles from Nowra and twenty from Moss Vale. The homestead itself is reminiscent of the sort of country house generally associated with the English gentleman farmer. Although at the other end of the world, here we find all the surroundings of English country life, with the bookcases of stud books, works on stock, racing calendars, and the whole library of reference volumes that may be consulted at a moment's notice. The walls are hung with sporting engravings, and there are valuable paintings and pictures of horses, of cattle, and of sporting dogs. The inclinations of the master of Barrengarry may be taken in at a glance, even if by some strange means you

Nursery Handicap and Oaks, also the V.R.C. Ascot Vale Stakes and Oaks, and is the dam of Speedwell, Spindrift, and Spicillus. It will be noticed that Spice won the double Oaks, those of New South Wales and Victoria.

Bloodstock is bred, and from the view will be realised the kind of paddocks the yearlings have for their accommodation, the mangers being placed on top of a steep hill, which they have to



A TYPICAL MILKING SHORTHORN.

negotiate to partake of the choicer feeding provided for them by a man of sense, who spares no money on the rearing of his young stock. Mr. Morton thinks that the hill teaches them how to use their feet, and they really were a lovely even lot on the occasion of our visit, in company with a fine judge of horseflesh, in the person of Dr. Power, a Waterford gentleman, by the way, practising in Sydney, but now on a visit to Europe. Still another visitor was Mr. Jack Morton, said to possess as great a knowledge of pedigrees as anyone in the Antipodes.

If Mr. P. H. Morton has a weakness for thorough-breds in the way of horses, he also pays a good deal of attention to his herds. There are light and dark Ayrshires, light and dark Durham-Illawarras, Holsteins, and the ordinary dairy herd, which in itself is above the average. There are also the great milchers, the Holsteins; but then it is butter, not cheese-making, they go in for at Barrengarry. Therefore the pail-filling but not over-bountiful cattle in the way of butter-fat may in time be left out of the herd book in that part of the Kangaroo Valley. Among the Ayrshires we found one, a New Zealand-bred cow, Pride, the winner of the first prize in dry Ayrshires at the last year's Royal at Sydney. Then there was Nelo, who won first and one champion ribbon at the same leading fixture. Bred by Mr. George Rolfe of Warrambool,

Victoria, she is by Marquis of Salisbury, by the imported Marquis of Ailsa, from Nellie 253 A.H.B. of A. Ailsa of Russley is a dark red and white, and Elspeth of Russley is another prominent prize-winner. Duchess is a beautiful cow, a great premium taker in the sister state, by Ayrshire Prince, a New Zealand bull, from Bess, by Sir Garnet. A good many of the young stock are by Victor of Munnoch, a bull imported by Mr. Rolfe. The best Ayrshire bull calves at Barrengarry are brought up on common cows; thus they have every chance. There are no hollow backs to be seen. As before mentioned, there are two distinct herds of light and dark coloured Ayrshires on this estate.

What is known as the milking strain of shorthorns in Australia is a cross between the Durham and the Illawarra stock, a breed of cattle that grew with the country and the dairy farmers of the South Coast, which is one of the chief



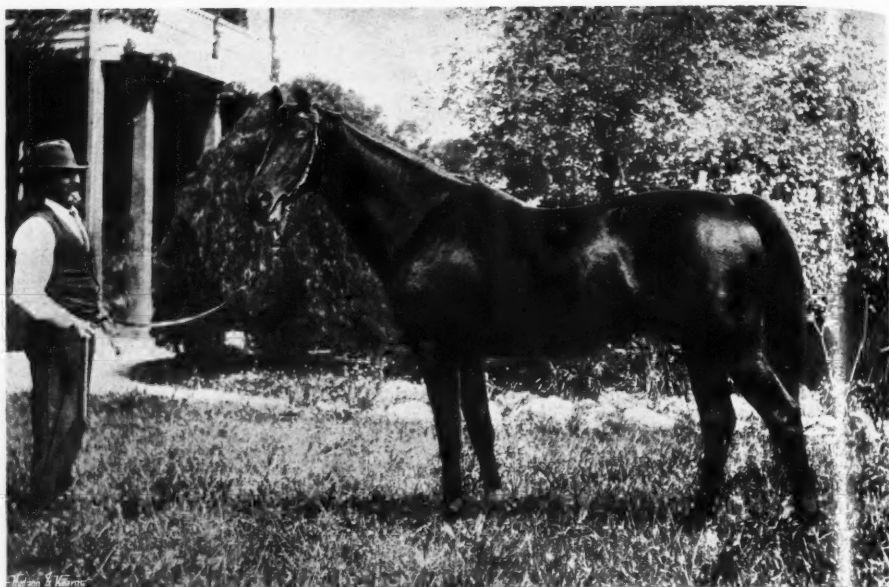
A CALF FEEDER AT BARRENGARRY.

could manage to alight in the dining-room at Mr. Morton's country place without passing through part of the estate.

Barrengarry is the new home of Vendetta, the son of Orme and Nemesis, and at the time of our visit he was looking very well; indeed, he stood the voyage capitally. He arrived late from England last season, and was used but four or five times. Vendetta is specially liked by our enthusiastic race-horse-breeding Australians because of the blood of his grandam Mosquito, who was full sister to Musket, the sire of Carbine, Trenton, and other great horses and sires. Breeders here admire the great substance of Vendetta.

One of the many mares we saw was Spice, with her filly foal by Russley, a horse, by the way, in his nineteenth year, but as well and level to-day as he ever was. Spice is a chestnut by Chester from the imported Lady Chester, by Stockwell. She was foaled in 1886, and won the Australian Jockey Club

districts for the production of the finest butter, the markets for which are South Africa and England. All the factories here are of the most approved order, in nearly every instance the butter being churned from cream pasteurised at a temperature of 176deg. Fahr. Two and a-half per cent. of salt is used for the export butter, an article untouched by the hand, while the depôts are models of cleanliness. A good milking shorthorn has given 6½ gallons of milk a day. A good idea may be gained of the type of animal required from the representation of the light roan cow Pink Purple. There are 300 of this strain on Barrengarry, and again we find the herds divided into light and dark. There can be little doubt that the original ones were descended from a Durham bull imported by the late Hon. Mr. Lee of Bathurst. The most noted sire in the Illawarra district was Major, a calf from a Durham cow, imported by Mr. Lee, and sold as a calf to the late Mr. Evans of Illawarra. These cattle have been very famous. It must be that people interested in dairy stock are sorry to see that so little attention is paid to this particular Australian breed. Mr. Morton has made a great move in the direction that cannot fail to be of great benefit to the variety generally. He has succeeded in



THE STALLION RUSSLEY.

the house and garden, and, to a less extent, arches and pergolas. All the space available in these directions gets filled up all too soon, especially now that the *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, and other species of the same, is clothing the exteriors of houses as with a garment. When the walls are covered with this, and one or two Roses, and perhaps one or two less common things, like the lovely *Solanum jasminoides*, so common in Cornwall, and the Passion flower, both blue and white, and all available arch and pergola space is also occupied by *Clematis*, *Honeysuckle*, *Wistaria sinensis*, and more climbing Roses, people often want sundry other climbing plants and wall shrubs as new ones are introduced, or old ones strike their fancy with renewed force, but they refrain from getting them for the simple reason that they do not know where to put them, and do not like to destroy any of those they have.

In such a garden it has often been our pleasure to open the eyes of the owner to the possibility of another half-dozen climbers—how one of the lovely trumpet *Honeysuckles* and the Chilean Glory-flower (*Eccremocarpus scaber*) might run over that potting shed, or a white or yellow *Jasmine* over a summer-house, or a screen be made in front of some rather unsightly part of the garden, which could be covered with *Kerria japonica* and some of the beautiful small-leaved *Ivies*, with *Jasminum nudiflorum* (Winter *Jasmine*) intermixed with them.

One way to use creepers is to let them run up Holly and Yew trees (of no great beauty in summer) or to run over Laurels—Cherry, Portugal, or Aucuba. This has a very lovely effect, and if a little care is exercised to prevent the growth of the climbers from getting too thick in any one part, no harm whatever is done to the shrubs or trees.



OXEN IN THE HARVEST-FIELD.

getting 100 pure-bred cows, which show no other strain than the one desired. Barrengarry carries about 1,000 head of cattle.

Thus must I bring to a close an all too short contribution ament the beautiful horses and herds at Barrengarry, a charming spot in a happy and prosperous New South Wales valley literally flowing with milk and honey. There is much charm here for the lover of the huge weirdness and wildness of a country like Australia, weird with the gaunt spectre-like leafless trunks and branches of the ring-barked trees on the mountain-sides and ungrubbed paddocks, and wild because of the forest growth of untold ages, great expanses of woodland, where perhaps the tread of man was never heard.

FREDERICK FREEMAN-LLOYD.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE VALUE OF CLIMBERS.

CLIMBERS possess one great advantage over plants of a low-growing, bushy growth, namely, that of making a good show and producing an abundance of flowers at the cost of very little ground space. The usual places for climbers are the walls of



DARK-COLOURED COWS OF THE FAMOUS MILKING STRAIN.

Some of the strong-growing rambling Roses, like the Dundee Rambler and Turner's Crimson Rambler, will send shoots through a Holly or Yew tree 15ft. or 20ft. high, and come out at the top or near the top, where they will produce a mass of blossom. This is a natural way of growing these and similar Roses, as they are of the same nature as wild Dog Roses, which may often be seen topping hedges 12 ft. or 15 ft. high. Grown in this way they have a grace which they cannot possibly possess on a wall, or even on a pergola, where they have to be trained and tied or nailed, all of which restrains freedom and lessens their natural beauty. They should be planted a little way from the stem of such exhausting trees as Yew and Holly, a deep hole being made and some rich soil put in it to give the Roses a good start, while a liberal supply of water should be administered the first summer. Afterwards they will need no further attention beyond seeing that the suckers go up through the trees instead of outside, and that the growth does not get too strong in any one part.

Many things in our gardens are grown in too formal a manner, and Roses grown in this way form a very refreshing contrast. Some of the more vigorous Clematises, too, do equally well in this way, though they do not run quite so high and strong, so that they are better adapted for lower trees or Laurels. Clematis montana, any of the Jackman section, and the Travellers' Joy (Clematis Vitala) do best for these situations. Tropæolum speciosum is another climber well adapted to such places, and is not nearly so general in the South of England as it deserves to be. One thing it is essential to observe in planting it—it must never be exposed to the direct force of the sun's rays.

It is admitted that the number of climbers adapted to this wild system of cultivation is limited, and some may say they already have enough rambling Roses, Clematises, and the other things recommended for running up trees. The course for such to pursue is to remove some of these and plant them where they can grow up trees, and the space so vacated will be available for some of the less hardy and vigorous climbers, such as Maurandya barclayana, Aristolochia Siphocampylus (Dutchman's Pipe), Escallonia, various forms of Pyrus (which genus now includes all the Cydonias), etc. It is scarcely necessary to remind any reader that Honeysuckles are not suitable for running up trees, as they often not only smother them, but, by their tightly entwined lines, cause a loss of branches, and so spoil the appearance of the trees.

PEGGING DOWN HYBRID TEA ROSES.

There is a wrong impression that the pegging down of Rose shoots means that the ends must be brought right down to the ground, but this is not necessary. The best way is to prepare some wooden pegs, say about 1 ft. long, drive them into the ground with a hammer near the growths that are about to be tied over, and then secure them to the pegs with tarred twine, having, before driving in the pegs, cut a niche around them about an inch from their tops in which to secure the twine.

On a recent visit to Kew Gardens we saw a large bed of that glorious Rose Mme. Abel Chatenay planted 3 ft. to 4 ft. apart, doubtless with the object of tying over the shoots as practised in a bed of Grace Darling close by; in fact, some were already tied over. The plan answers admirably with such Roses; but it is necessary to tie over a number of new shoots each year and gradually cut away the oldest.

Grüss an Teplitz would be a splendid variety for such treatment. How effective a large bed of this Rose would be with half-standards of Mme. Alfred Carrière placed about 5 ft. or 6 ft. apart!

THE NEGLECT OF VERBENAS.

We were looking at a bed of Verbena Ellen Willmott, that excellent pink flower, recently, and thought how much late summer and autumn beauty our

gardens lose through the absence of so fine and cheery a race of plants. The editor of the *Garden* wrote some time back to Messrs. Keynes of Salisbury, who were at one time famous for their Verbenas, and never lost their hold upon the best varieties. Their reply will be interesting to our gardening readers: "We believe that the one thing which caused the Verbena to be neglected was the extreme forcing to which the plants were in many places subjected in their propagation—and the failure which followed as a matter of course. The practice was, and probably is still, for cuttings from old stools to be put in during the months of March and April, and kept at a very high temperature for about a week, by which time they were rooted. These were sold as rooted cuttings at a small figure, without any hardening off or any of the careful treatment such tender subjects should receive. This resulted

in a weakened constitution, and insect attacks followed. The fungoid disease generally known as 'black spot' came after this, and so ruined many stocks that they were given up in despair. Those who are fond of Verbenas would find their culture quite easy if stools were wintered in cold frames with a protection in very severe weather, so that frost does not exceed 5 deg. Cuttings from these, rooted slowly in March in a manure frame, hardened off and kept cool, produce sturdy, healthy plants, certain to do well planted out in May. Our own practice is to root cuttings in August; these are kept in cold frames or in a cold house devoted exclusively to them through the winter. They are our 'stock plants,' supplied principally to other nurserymen in January and February, and also from which we get our own cuttings for rooting in February and March. The young plants which these cuttings produce are hardened off and stood out in the open with simply a sheep hurdle over them in April." There is no doubt at all that the "forcing" ways of our forefathers were responsible for the failure of Verbenas. Seedlings we have found very satisfactory.

PHLOX COQUELICOT.

We planted last year a bed of this Phlox, some fifty plants, and the reward is one of the most dashing garden pictures we have seen this year. All who know this variety will quite believe this. Phloxes seem to have flowered unusually well this year, the absence of weeks of strong sunshine and abundant rain bringing out all the virtues of the plant. The Phlox is a moisture-loving plant, and for this reason is most vigorous near water. We wish flower gardeners who have failed to get strong growths, 5 ft. or 6 ft. high, would, if the garden provides it, plant by the edge of a stream, lake, or pond, and see the result. We shall refer to the Phloxes at greater length shortly, but this great group of Coquelecot must not be passed over without a note. Its flowers are large, of a beautiful vermilion, and borne in a mass at the top of a straight and strong stem.

EPIGEA AND SHORTIA.

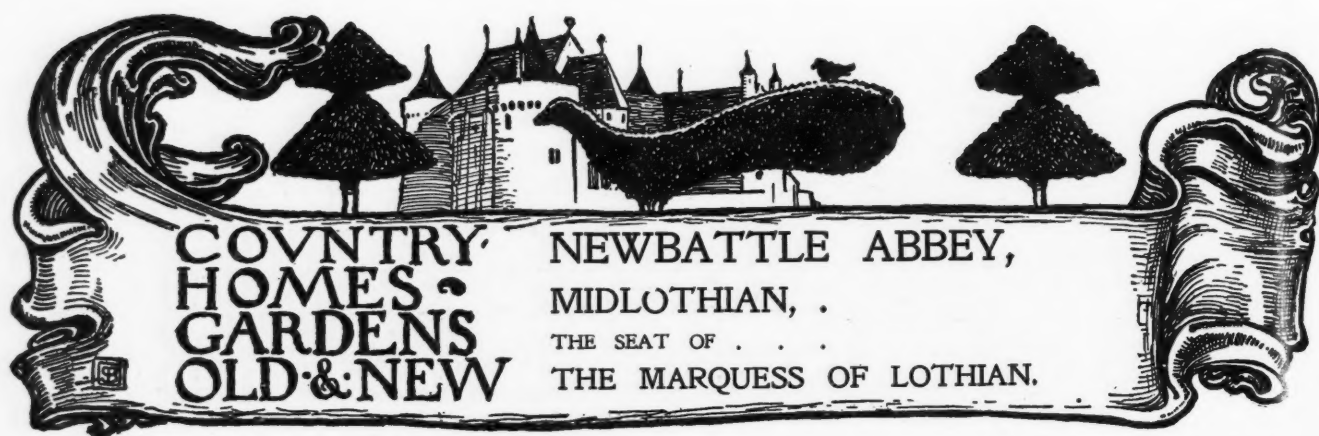
An illustration of these charming plants we noticed lately recalls their value in the garden. Both flower in spring, and both enjoy a damp peat soil. Epigea repens, the new English May-flower of the Northern United States and Canada, is somewhat troublesome to grow in England, as it insists on having what it wants, and unlike so many plants will not put up with an alternative. But in cool peaty ground that is never dry in a shady or half-shady place it thrives well. Shortia galacifolia likes much the same conditions. Both flowers are so daintily pretty that it is well sometimes to cut them and enjoy them indoors, and close to the eye. Their tender colouring of pinkish white and the reddish stems of the Shortia make a combination of charmingly harmonious tinting. The late Mr. G. F. Wilson grew these plants by the side of a damp peaty ditch. The leaves of the Shortia turn to a beautiful bright crimson colour in winter.



Richard N. Speaight.

LADY TYNHAM AND THE HON. CHRISTOPHER ROPER-CURZON.

178, Regent Street, W.



THE fine seat of the Marquess of Lothian near Dalkeith stands on the site and embodies in itself the foundations of the Cistercian Abbey of Newbattle, or Newbottle, founded in the year 1140 or 1141, according variously to charters and chronicles, by King David I., who also established Holyrood and many other ecclesiastical centres in Scotland. The situation is such as the Cistercians loved, and one that has favoured the efforts of the garden-maker's hand. It was not for the Cistercians to settle in the busy haunts of men; they had chosen rather the seclusion of the wood and the wild. While the Franciscans worked in the town, and the Benedictines loved the hills, the followers of St. Bernard of Clairvaux sought the valleys by the streams. At Newbattle, the South Esk, escaped from the green hills of Temple and the woody ravines of Dalhousie—ever to be associated with the famous "Laird o' Cockpen"—widens into a valley, giving place to a long range of meadows or level "haughs." Behind, to the north, are the remains of the monastic village, where once dwelt the hinds and shepherds, separated from the Abbey gardens by massive stone walls, ascribed to William the Lion—"Muri ex quadrato lapide monasterii ambitum, speciosissimum complectentes Williemo rege consummati sunt." These ancient walls still form the boundary of the park on that side. Beyond the

stream the bank rises somewhat abruptly, and is broken into ravines, much wooded, which, upon investigation, are found to be the remains of ancient coal-workings. The monks of Newbattle were probably the first to develop the coal industry in Scotland, but the method of winning the mineral in those times was more like quarrying than the coal-mining of these days.

The Abbey was not placed in a position to command extensive views. Sunk in the hollow in the midst of the woods, where ancient beeches and venerable sycamores flourished, the situation calls to mind such seclusion as St. Bernard had sought at Cîteaux. It may be worth while here, since the Cistercians accomplished a vast work in developing the agriculture of this country, to recall the fact that Clairvaux was the daughter house of Cîteaux, and that from it sprang the twin foundations of Fountains and Rievaulx. It was Ailred of Rievaulx who went forth with a party of brethren to found the first Cistercian Abbey in Scotland—the historic house of Melrose—and from Melrose went out the brethren who established themselves at Newbattle. Thus a perfect chain brings us from Cîteaux to the banks of the South Esk. The situation of all the British Cistercian houses is similar: they lie among the woods by the streams. The architectural character of



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THE SOUTH TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



EASTERN GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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EAST SUNDIAL.

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Newbattle is mostly unknown, though, in recent times, the foundations have been largely excavated.

The situation in the Mid-Lothian vale is very beautiful, and the climate propitious to the things that grow. In the Statistical Account of Scotland it is remarked that the air by the river is exceedingly mild, while at the Roman camp—on the neighbouring hill—it is very keen. The Abbey of Newbattle flourished until the Dissolution, when its revenues were returned at £1,413 in money, and divers payments in kind. It had suffered grievously on several occasions. In Richard II.'s inglorious expedition it had been given to the flames, and thus does

Wyntoun recount the devastation wrought in that region. The marauding bands, equipped for their work, set out, he says:

"To Scotland, and
at Melros lay;
And thare thai brynt
up that abbay.
Dryburch and New-
botil, thai twa
Intil thair way thai
brynt alsua
Of Edynburgh the
kyrk brynt
thai."

Destruction again fell upon the house in 1544, when the Earl of Hertford went that way, but the destruction could not have been complete in either case. After the Dissolution, Newbattle

was held by Lord Mark Kerr, "the richt venerable," who was commendator of the Abbey, and who continued throughout his life to take a prominent part in the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of Scotland. A fine head of him, by Sir Antonio More, 1551, hangs at Newbattle Abbey. He was succeeded by his son Mark, who, in 1587, obtained from James VI. a patent erecting the lands into a barony, and in 1606 was created Earl of Lothian. The property has since remained in that family, from which the Marquess of Lothian is descended.

The existing structure dates from about a century ago, but has since been enlarged considerably.

The older portion of the mansion, much overgrown with ivy, has notable picturesque-ness, and in the form of its windows and its twisted gables and gablets it possesses a character that seems to spring from the soil. It has been made more imposing by the addition of modern castellated buildings, which are commodious and attractive. Although outwardly the house is modern, it occupies a portion of the site of the ancient



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NORTH SUNDIAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

monastery, of which the foundations are partly hidden, and the old work is still visible in parts, and here and there antique mouldings peep out. The interior on the ground floor is extremely interesting. It is broken up by short passages, and intersected by the whole region of the kitchens and cellars, but traceable from side to side is a series of vaultings forming a crypt, perhaps intended to raise the Abbey buildings above the level which the river might overflow. The foundations

of the church were also accidentally discovered a few years ago, and are now exposed. In 1892 some workmen came upon the foundations of the north transept and side chapels, and the excavations were continued in the following years. The piers of the crypt under the house, which is illustrated, are octagonal, and support excellent vaulting. The room is now used, and has been suitably fitted with armour, etc. Before we leave the interior of the house, it is suitable to say that it is full of attractions for the lover of art and literature.



Copyright

THE WONDERFUL BEECH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The pictures are of great note. There are portraits of Henry VIII., Margaret Tudor, and Sir Thomas More by Holbein. The works of Albert Durer in England are few, but Newbattle possesses a Virgin and Child. There are examples of Titian, Raphael, and many more, including English artists like Sir Joshua Reynolds, and portraits of Hawkins, Drake, and Cavendish are adorned with wreaths carved by Grinling Gibbons. The books and manu-

scripts are of great value, and some of the latter belonged to the old Abbey of Newbattle.

We may now survey the enchanting scenes which are found in the gardens and park by the course of the South Esk River. For something like two miles does this beautiful stream wind its way through the valley and park. The woodland scenery is superb, and some of the trees are of great antiquity. They are mostly oak, ash, elm, beech, and plane, with various firs. Many are of remarkable size and beauty, and the planes and elms are



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THE MAIDEN BRIDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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COAT OF ARMS IN THE CRYPT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

very majestic. The greatest of the patricians is a mighty beech, said to be the largest in Scotland. It is 100ft. high, with a vast spread of foliage, having a circumference of 400ft. There are also huge sycamores and cypresses. The plantations are very extensive and are well kept, being regularly thinned and pruned. The near approach of these great woods to the house is one of the most enchanting features of the place. It brings the charms of the landscape, with great richness of character, into close juxtaposition with the formal gardening, and the effect is very beautiful. The great belts of trees are a glorious background to the admirable planning of the pleasure, and the sparkling river adds vastly to the charm.

The opportunities of the garden designer were certainly very many in this lovely place. The green lawn in the valley bordering the course of the river, with the great woods fringing the banks, was an ideal place in which to lay out a garden. The woods nearly

meeting in either direction form the lawn into a kind of amphitheatre, and the garden is the gem set in the glorious surroundings. The arrangement is purely formal, but completely satisfactory. The enclosure is formed by an admirable yew hedge, dense and close as a wall; but this boundary does not completely surround the garden, which on one side is margined by the river and the wood. Straight pathways divide the space into formal parterres, and there are stone-fringed flower-beds as attractive features. One part of the area is devoted to pattern gardening, and affords a very beautiful example of that style of work. The pictures will show in what admirable state the gardens are kept, and will also illustrate how the friendly neighbourhood of the woods makes pleasant a form of gardening that some might not otherwise approve. Along one side of this pleasure the South Esk flows, and the steep wooded bank beyond is superb in its sylvan beauty.

Near the stream, embayed in the yew hedge, stands a magnificent sundial, and another is not far away. "What an antique air," said Charles Lamb of the dials of the Temple, "had the now almost effaced sundials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that Time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movement, never caught, nice as an evanescent cloud, or the first arrests of sleep!" The dial, says gentle "Elia," stood as the garden god of Christian gardens. Why, he demanded, was it almost everywhere banished? Happily, examples still remain in many places, and Scotland is somewhat famous for its very picturesque and attractive garden sundials. There are excellent examples at Balcarres, Pitmedden, Woodhouselee, Duthie Park in Aberdeen, Stobhall in Perthshire, and other places, all offering a marked contrast in style to such English dials as we have at Wrest, in Bedfordshire, at Wilton, and at Kew. The



Hudson & Neave

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THE TERRACE BY THE RIVER.

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NEWBATTLE AND SOUTH ESK.

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Newbattle dials, perhaps, surpass any others. They rise from octagonal bases, resting upon flights of steps, and with grotesque creatures supporting the upper parts, upon which are the several gnomons, while a pinnacle crowns the whole. The effect is rather font-like, but the dials are singularly beautiful and quaint, and are very richly worked.

Along the bank of the river, and between the house and the wood, runs the south terrace, which is one of the most attractive regions of these enchanting gardens. Behind us are the verdant and flower-gemmed places, and before us the pellucid stream and the woodland haunt of the squirrel and the murmuring wood-pigeon. Every variety of water plant appears to be cultivated along the margin of the South Esk, and the richness of the scene is surpassingly attractive. It is a combination of garden, wood, and river not surpassed in many places. Again, as a contrast on another side, are level lawns as an attractive foreground to the enlarged structure, being the place where, in ancient times, monastic buildings stood.

The splendid character of the Newbattle trees is found also in those which form the great avenue in the approach from the south, of which the length is over five hundred yards. They



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THE CRYPT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

are very majestic, and the whole character is one of much magnificence. The great double gate-house, dating from the



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THE SPRING.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

early part of the eighteenth century, is truly noble in its broad and simple character. Two great gate-posts, with pilasters on every face, support magnificent urns, fluted, and adorned with wreaths, and on either side of the posts are short colonnades turning outwards, to unite the gateway with the gatehouses, which are picturesque buildings of native stone, with dressed angle pieces. Each of these houses is created with a fine balustrade, crowned with pinnacles and urns, and there are other architectural adornments well befitting so noble a place, while the dense woods behind form a fine background to the admirable architectural composition.

Let us now return to the South Esk, and pursue its course a little below the house to where the Maiden Bridge spans the stream with a single graceful arch. Record tells not of the building of this picturesque feature in the grounds, but tradition, unwilling that it should be destitute of history, ascribes to it great antiquity, and asserts that it was erected by a young lady whose lover was drowned while attempting to ford the swift stream at the spot in his efforts to reach her. It is a rugged and massive structure, most picturesquely overgrown with ivy, and strikingly romantic in appearance. Many an artist has made it a subject, and its rude and yet elegant shape, lifted above the glistening stream in the woods, is truly pictorial. Many are the legends connected with such bridges, and the mind reverts to the Beggar's Bridge on the Yorkshire Esk, which was built also by a lover, in order that thenceforth it should be unnecessary for lovers to swim the stream.

Among the great houses of Scotland, this beautiful seat of the Marquess of Lothian holds a deservedly high place. It is not stately like some, but it has attractions in its woodland landscape that are not possessed by many. Its gardens, too, are radiantly beautiful, and are a fine example of the gardener's art. With a liberal spirit Lord Lothian has opened the grounds to the public on certain days, and many are those privileged to enjoy its beauties. The house also is shown, and its artistic treasures are the delight of many. The church, which is an object in the landscape, was enlarged and restored in 1895, and an ancient aisle which had been walled up for many years was reopened and named "Lord Ancram's aisle," in memory of Walter William Schomberg Kerr, Earl of Ancram, and son of the Marquess of Lothian, who died in June, 1892.

GEOLOGY & LIVESTOCK.

IT may be assumed as an axiom that, other things being equal, farming will be easiest and most successful according to the extent to which Nature is conformed to. For instance, nearly every important district has its own breed of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs that is held to be best of all by the natives and thrives there better than elsewhere. Shetland ponies, Devon cattle, Berkshire pigs, Lincoln red shorthorns, Cotswold sheep are a few instances that readily suggest themselves. The facts have long been known, but it has fallen to the lot of a tenant farmer, Mr. Primrose McConnell, of Ongar Park in Essex, to offer a rational and fully



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NORTH-WEST CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

reasoned out explanation of them. We may again recur to his book "The Elements of Agricultural Geology and Scientific Aid to Practical Farming" (Crosby Lockwood and Co.), but wish at present only to dwell on this single point. The central idea of the work may be given in a sentence, "Every rock formation has a soil peculiar to itself, and wherever rocks throughout the world have similar lithological characters the soils derived from such will be similar and with a corresponding influence on the farming thereof, provided that no disturbing agencies have been at work and the materials have been allowed to accumulate *in situ*." Of course there have been disturbing influences, or we should not have to chronicle such a strange history as that of the horse in America. Horses in a wild state have thriven and multiplied in modern times, yet they had become extinct there before historic times. "In bygone æons they attained not only immense numbers, but also immense size—as true horses—and their extinction, taken in conjunction with the present suitability of these continents for their existence, is one of the puzzles of geology." After the Norman invasion there were at least three groups of horse in the British Islands, viz., Celtic, Flemish, and Norman. In the Celtic, whose habitat was the mountainous regions formed by the Devonian, Silurian, Cambrian, and other forms of the primary or indurated rocks, Mr. McConnell includes the Dartmoor, Exmoor, Welsh,



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THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Galloway, Highland, Orkney, Shetland, and Connemara ponies. Of these the Orkney is extinct, the Galloway nearly so, and Low holds that the Connemara is descended from horses that swam ashore from the Armada. But, as our author wittily remarks, if this be true of all the animals concerning which it is said, then the tall Spanish galleons must have been more like Noah's arks than warships. They are all ponies in accordance with a well-known natural law that "all animals developed on felspathic formations are diminutive." Of the Flemish horses, "the great Flemish mares" of old story, the Shires and Clydesdales are the only modern representatives, "both of large size, and both naturally thriving best on low-lying, soft, moist alluvial and fen-land, similar in nature to the alluvial deposits of Flanders." The ancient varieties were the old English black horse, the great war horse, the Lincolnshire black horse, the Wildmoor Fen horse, and the Derbyshire black, all of which are extinct or merged in the Shire. The Clydesdale was not a natural product of Lanarkshire, but was formed by crossing the native animal with some of the Flemish blood, which supplied the great horse for war or tournament. Of the Norman horses there are several breeds of importance, as the Cleveland bay, the Yorkshire coach, the Norfolk hackney, and the Suffolk Punch. "The notable features of resemblance among these four

are first the fact that their habitat is along the eastern side of England, and on the higher and drier secondary formation, and secondly, that they are all of a chestnut or brown colour."

It would take more space than we can at present spare to follow our author through his long and careful examination of the manner in which other kinds of domestic animals, cows, pigs, and sheep, have been distributed. Rather would we direct the attention of farmers to the value of this book, written by one who is himself a countryman and one of "the hill-folk." He has set down what is to be seen and known "when a farmer looks across the landscape, takes up a handful of soil for examination, selects the crops most suitable for his farm, or endeavours to improve his livestock." He ends with a passage of fine simplicity that we cannot forbear quoting: "The country has a never-ending charm for many; there is a great wide sky above, reaching from hill to hill all round the horizon; there is a many-patterned carpet over the surface of the earth, and many interesting things to be dug out of that earth; there are wet days and dry days; there is summer and winter."

"The oaks of the mountains fall;
The mountains themselves decay with years;
The ocean shrinks and grows again;
The moon itself is lost in Heaven."

WEST COUNTRY HAVENS.—I.

GIVEN reasonably fine weather and a constitution able to resist the ravages of sea-sickness, there are few, if any, more delightful ways of spending an August holiday than in undertaking a yachting cruise along the South-West Coast of England. By yachting I do not mean merely forming one of a party of passengers in a palatial steam yacht, whose comings and goings are independent of wind and weather, and whose places of call are restricted, by reason of her draught, to such well-known harbours as Dartmouth, Plymouth, and Falmouth, which, charming spots though they doubtless are, hardly afford sufficient variety for a lengthened cruise. Rather do I refer to the lazy, restful journeyings of the large fleet of sailing yachts that, the business or pleasures of the London season being over, leave the calm waters of the Solent, and spread their wings to the breezes of the Channel, to seek the magnificent shores and cosy harbours of the West Country. For week-end sailings the waters of the Wight are certainly ideal, but, when once June and July are over, a desire for further exploration seems to come upon their



E. Chapman.

GAMMON HEAD, WEST PRAWLE.

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owners, and away they go, from the venturesome ten-tonner to the lordly schooner of two or three hundred tons.

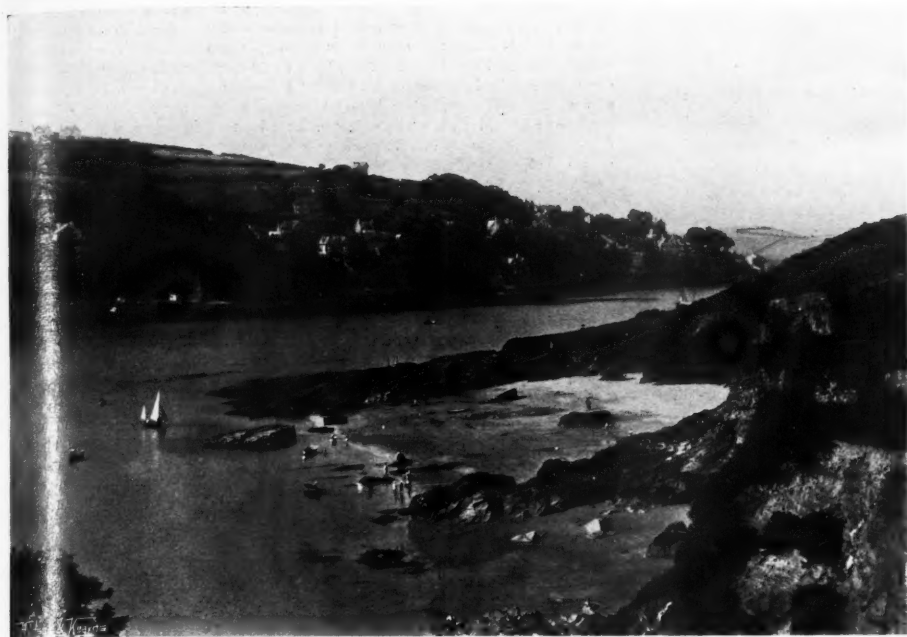
The journey is not an arduous one, for from the Needles to Falmouth the coast is studded with safe and easy harbours at such frequent intervals that sailing by night is never necessary. The great West Bay is certainly a longish stretch of water, the distance from Portland to Torquay or Dartmouth being over forty miles; but an early start will generally enable you to reach port before dark unless both wind and tide be against you. As, however, neither Poole nor Portland—desirable places though they may be when refuge from a summer gale is sought—are either beautiful or particularly interesting in themselves, it is far better, if the wind is fair, to go straight from the Wight to Dartmouth, and begin your real, lazy cruising from there. The size of your vessel will depend on your pocket, but for reasonable comfort combined with ease of handling in narrow and often rather shoal waters, it is difficult to beat a yawl of from twenty to forty tons, built for cruising purposes only, and having a draught of not more than 8ft. or 9ft. Owners of larger vessels



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THE HARBOUR FROM CLIFF ROAD.

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SUNNY COVE BEACH.

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may doubtless scoff at these modest requirements, but it is doubtful whether they get as much real pleasure out of their yachts as the owner of a twenty-tonner who sails his own craft and is able, by reason of her handiness and shallow draught, to visit many spots that are necessarily closed to a larger vessel. As a happy mean, a yawl of about thirty-five tons, with a crew, all told, of four, is hard to beat. Large enough to keep the sea in any weather that is likely to be met with during the summer months, such a vessel is, nevertheless, easy to handle in narrow channels, economical to maintain, and yet affords a comfortable home for three or four persons—even for ladies, should they be included in the party. However, let your vessel be as small as you like, when once Dartmouth is reached you have before you a cruising ground that even months will hardly enable you to thoroughly explore.

Dartmouth itself, with its magnificent entrance and miles of charming river, is too well known to need description here, and it is rather with the lesser-known harbours on the Devon and Cornish coasts that I would wish to deal. Some twenty miles to the westward, in a deep recess between the rugged promontories of Prawle Point and Bolt Head, is Salcombe, on a fiord whose entrance is totally invisible from the sea. Day after day, year after year, thousands of vessels, from the huge liner to the tiny coaster, pass and repass this spot, yet few on board have any knowledge even of the existence of the sheltered haven, and the quaint old town that lines a portion of its shores. And yet Salcombe has some claim to fame, and a share in the history of the past. Close to the entrance to the river, and lapped by the waters of the highest tides, are the ruins of a castle, that for months held at bay the forces of Cromwell, when all the country-side had long since yielded to him; and when at last its tiny garrison were forced to capitulate, they marched out with the honours of war, keeping still the key of their stronghold.

It was from Salcombe, too, that for many years came a large portion of the fine fleet of sailing vessels that the tramp steamer has now almost driven from the seas. Alas! the shipyards now lie idle for the most part, though, even in these times, a stout schooner of two or three hundred tons may sometimes be seen on the stocks. For years Salcombe was sunk in obscurity, but latterly the yachting man and the holiday-makers have begun to realise its advantages and its charms.

The entrance is a comparatively easy one, though I well remember on my first visit the navigation seemed somewhat formidable, as neither of my men had ever visited the place before; the ebb tide was running strongly, and the wind was light and baffling. Since then I have been in and out many

times, and even entered the river on a dark night against wind and tide, though I should not recommend anyone to do so unless extremely well acquainted with the channel. The first difficulty to be encountered is the bar, on which at low springs there is nearly 7ft. of water. The best water at the present time is to be found by keeping the mark on the seawall that runs round a little cove called North Sand Bay in line with the beacon at the bend of the high road on the west side of Salcombe Hill. The bar is narrow, with deep water on either side, and its position is indicated by white marks on the cliff. Once over the bar the channel is clearly marked by a buoy and substantial perches, and there is plenty of water right up to a point nearly half a mile above the village. The usual anchorage, however, is between the hotel—a charming one, by the way—and Portlemouth Ferry, where towards the end of August a dozen or more vessels, including even large steam yachts, may sometimes be seen.

Even if the difficulties and dangers of navigation were infinitely greater than they really are, once inside one's reward

is surely ample. It is difficult to conceive a more beautiful spot, even in this lovely West Country. On either side high hills run steeply down to the water, the west side thickly clothed with trees and luxuriant vegetation, the east wild and rugged, though hardly less beautiful on that account. Above the town the river branches out into innumerable winding creeks, that form a delightful exploring ground for the dinghy or the launch, while at high tide Kingsbridge, which boasts a railway station, may be reached, some six miles away. Thither, too, at uncertain intervals, runs an ancient, panting steamboat, which forms the only connecting link between Salcombe and the outside world. You will not be in haste to leave Salcombe, for it supplies every attraction to those who love the sea and its surroundings. The fishing is good, bass and pollack being fairly plentiful,



E. Chapman.

THE CASTLE.

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though the last two seasons have been somewhat disappointing in this respect. Sandy coves, innocent of bathing machines, but well provided with natural dressing-rooms in the shape of little caves, offer every inducement to those who are fond of bathing in sea water as clear as crystal. Though the place is primitive, supplies are easily obtainable, except, oddly enough, in the case of farm produce, for the sole dairy the village possesses is a cart, which pulls up in the main street in the morning and doles out milk, cream, and butter to those fortunate enough to be on the spot. On one occasion, also, when my larder was empty, I found the only butcher's shop open in sole possession of an ancient dame, who, when I demanded loin chops, pointed proudly to two large joints suspended from the ceiling and told me to "help

myself; she knew nowt about it." And forthwith I had to turn butcher to the best of my ability, and not with marked success!

Important above all to those whose home is on the water, Salcombe affords a quiet anchorage let the wind blow hard from whence it will. With a southerly gale, it is true, a swell comes in over the bar and up the lower part of the harbour, but quiet and absolute safety can always be assured by anchoring higher up the river. Salcombe is certainly a place to be lingered over, though still farther West there are other sheltered harbours and delightful rivers that equally deserve a visit.

F. P. ARMSTRONG.

POLO & CUB-HUNTING.

IT is rather interesting at a time when our soldiers' polo hangs in the balance to read in a German military journal that the one thing that Prussian officers need is a greater taste for athletics. This is followed by a warm appreciation of polo as a game leading to excellence in horsemanship and peculiarly suited to keep the elder officers in condition.

The writer very truly points out that as men grow older the need for active exercise increases, unless, indeed, they are to become heavy and inert and stout. The more a man has been devoted to athletics in his youth the greater the necessity for keeping up a certain amount of condition in after life. Everyone must have noted how rapidly athletes put on flesh when they cease to train. It is partly to the popularity of polo in the summer that the large number of men of middle age who ride well to hounds is to be attributed. Loss of condition and loss of nerve go together. The greater activity of men, as well as moderation in food and drink, may be taken as one of the causes why we stay longer in the hunting-field than our forefathers. If this activity is useful to health and happiness in civil life, it is absolutely necessary for the soldier; so soon as the latter loses his activity his usefulness in the majority of cases is over.

The Irish polo season closed with the brilliant match between the Wanderers and the Freebooters. Of course the interest would have been greater if the issue had been between an English and an Irish team. However, the match itself could not well have been better or more exciting, and victory hung in the balance from start to finish. The Wanderers were in great form, and Mr. John Hargreaves, who was their No. 1, has never played a better game than he did on the Nine Acres. Major Ansell, Lord Villiers, and Captain Neil Haig have gone to Elvaston to play in the Earl of Harrington's team. There are to be two matches against Holderness, a club which, as I have often pointed out, is one of the most successful of our country clubs. During the past week three well-known polo players have retired from the Household Cavalry—Captains C. S. Schreiber and Lloyd Philipps of the 1st, and Captain Spender Clay of the 2nd Life Guards. Of these, the first-named was the best-known player. Had he given more time to the game he could hardly have failed to rank high among players. He never gave to the game that constant practice which Captain Miller has rightly said is necessary for success. I hear that Mr. John Barker of the Grange, Bishop's Stortford, is going to sell his hackneys and hunters in order to have more space for his polo pony stud. There is no doubt that the war has given a great stimulus to the breeding of small horses, and Mr. Barker is wise to devote himself to a breed in which he has had such success and which has the future on its side.

I think a good many lovers of the horse will join with me in regretting the death of Mr. Pallfrey the artist. He was one of the most accurate of the portrait painters of the horse. He has done much good work, and was particularly successful with polo ponies. We shall all miss the familiar figure at Islington with the brown paper parcel from which he would produce one or more clever drawings of well-known ponies. He has often talked over his methods with me, and I know that he was most careful to have the proportions of each pony correct. His pictures have an historical value as to the horse of the nineteenth century that few others possess. I trust that a representative collection of his works may be exhibited somewhere next season. It would be as instructive as any horse show, apart from the technical excellence of his work.

Two important shows during the week have included polo ponies in their schedule—Bath and Radnor. Mr. Howard Taylor won a first prize at both shows with Fine Fleur, the chestnut mare he bought at Mr. Midwood's sale. As the judges were different in each case, this was the more gratifying. The Middlewood Stud is a new one, but has already done well. Miss Standish also was successful at Radnor, though she could not beat Mr. Montefiore's beautiful Royal Rosebud. Sir Richard Green-Price and the Radnorshire farmers are to be congratulated on the success of their polo pony society and the excellence of the sons and daughters of Shyboy. Nor is their success merely a local matter, for the German periodical (*Militär Wochenblatt*) referred to above speaks very highly of English small horses of the polo pony type as troop horses. Thus all who encourage their breeding are doing a useful work.

As to cub-hunting, the late harvest has naturally delayed matters a good deal in those countries where there is much arable. On the other hand, Mr. Fernie's hounds have very little woodland, and seldom begin much before the third week in September. One writer has solemnly reproved those who try to forecast the prospects of the coming season from the number of foxes found in the cub-hunting season. But, after all, I fail to see what other criterion we can have. It is certain we cannot hunt without foxes; we cannot foresee what the weather will be. But if the weather is favourable the presence of plenty of foxes is a promise of sport. There is one other point on which we can base an opinion, and that is the condition of hounds, and no doubt this is very important, but here again the supply of foxes is most necessary. The huntsmen and whippers-in can give the hounds a certain amount of work on the roads, but after all it is the cubs which condition the hounds. If there is a plentiful supply of foxes, and hounds are kept well at work during September and October, there is a pledge of sport later on. Plenty of work and plenty of blood in the autumn give hounds the powers of endurance and the dash and confidence which go so far to bring sport in the regular season. Thus the old-fashioned way of estimating our prospects by the supply of cubs in the coverts has something in it. Again, I think a wet autumn is full of promise. It is quite true, of course, that scent hitherto has nowhere been very good, but a little later, when hounds are allowed outside, there will be a scent.

The Essex and Suffolk raced for forty minutes last week. In Leicestershire we have had a good deal of fog and mist in the early morning. This has not prevented the Cottesmore from doing some useful work. In Oswest Wood

they found plenty of foxes, and were favoured with a fairly serving scent. Lord Gilway's have been doing the best they can with the foxes in Scofton Wood. I fancy that is about the only covert open to them so far. The Quorn are at work again, and the Pytchley have been to Althorp, which is a very nursery of good foxes. In Leicestershire men get their horse shows over before hunting, and with the Woodland Pytchley on Wednesday week the fun began. This will be followed by Melton, and on September 18th the Harborough Show. At the first-named exhibition Mr. T. H. Sedgely won, with a very promising bay four year old, Solicitor, the cup for the best hunter the property of a tenant farmer. One of the hunter judges was Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, of Grand National and Brocklesby fame. Mr. Richardson and Victoria Countess of Yarborough are the new tenants of Edmondthorpe Hall, one of the best situated hunting-boxes in the Cottesmore country, since it commands the delightful middle district of that hunt as well as its Melton side, and gives Wednesday in the cream of the Belvoir.

It would be impossible to close these notes without a word about John Dale, best known to the present generation as huntsman to Lord Radnor, in what is now the Wilton country. He still lives in the memory of their fathers as the huntsman who gave to undergraduates five of the best seasons ever enjoyed with the Old Berkshire. Like a still more famous huntsman, Will Goodall, the late John Dale was only a second whipper-in when he was called to hunt hounds at the early age of twenty-one. A good horseman and a first-rate kennel huntsman, he was always with his hounds, and always had them in first-rate condition. Dale had a great gift of gaining the liking and confidence of his hounds, and the big dog hounds he hunted when with Lord Radnor were as handy as a pack of harriers. He was a quiet, resolute huntsman, and liked to kill his hunted fox. But then, except with the Old Berkshire, he had not fields so unpleasant as those of the present day behind him.

RACING NOTES.

THE weights for the Autumn Handicaps have just come to hand, and afford material for much careful consideration. Of the 104 horses entered for the Cesarewitch there are at least a score who cannot under any system of handicapping have any earthly chance in such a race, and one is filled with astonishment as to what could have induced their owners to put them in. Among the horses at the bottom of the list one notices Claret; his recent running would not make one pick him as a Cesarewitch horse, but it must be remembered that he won a nursery handicap over a mile course, carrying 7st. 11lb., last year. He may be a stayer, but it would take a much more prolonged study of the book than is possible here to find any reasonable ground for entering some of the light-weights. Osboch is, of course, given top weight, 9st., Epsom Lad being assigned 2lb. less; it is, however, to be feared that this horse's day for winning in good company has passed. The French entries, Chéri, Doux Pays, Liliom, Naroutie, and Saxon, are all fairly, and the latter rather leniently, treated. Carabine and Wargrave at 8st. 7lb. and 8st. 5lb. and Balsarroch at 7st. 11lb. should also have a chance. Cheers is given 7st. 9lb., and Friar Tuck and Port Blair 11lb. less. If the latter can "get" two miles and upwards one will have to revise many early-formed opinions. Hawfinch must surely be a "back number," even at 7st. Sceptre and St. Brendan at 8st. 2lb. seem to be allotted an impossible task for three year olds. Osboch again heads the list for the Cambridgeshire; though only a mile and a furlong, this race also requires stamina, as it is invariably run from end to end, a straight course and lots of room giving a chance for every horse to suit himself as to pace. Sceptre and St. Brendan at 8st. 7lb. would appear to be much better treated than in the longer race. Cossack, Black Sand, and Royal George seem to have a good chance. Wabun at 7st. 3lb. and Pharisee at 7st. 11lb. will naturally attract attention, while among the light-weights Ballantrae, Shellmartin, and Torrent are not to be overlooked.

The *Calendar* this week contains notices of a number of important races, the entries for which are due on September 16th, including the Jockey Club Stakes for 1905 and the Princess of Wales's Stakes 1906.

The Derby Meeting opened with the Hartington Plate, which brought out nine runners, of which Major Edwards's Shaun Rhu proved the best by a short head. The Friary Nursery Plate was contested by eighteen two year olds, and resulted in a most exciting match between Strettington and the colt by Pride out of Bouvardia, in which the former just scored by a head, both carrying 7st. The Knight, carrying 8st. being six lengths away. The rest seemed to have no pretensions to be able to stay seven furlongs. The winner is engaged in the £1,000 mile Nursery at Doncaster, where his weight, 7st. 10lb., does not seem excessive. In the next race, the Champion Breeders' Biennial Foal Stakes, we were again treated to a good race between Greatorex and Tippler, the former winning by a neck. This horse seems to be growing on the right way, and the style in which he galloped seemed as though a longer distance would have suited him better. In the Chatsworth Plate, on Wednesday, run over a distance of a mile and a-half, Cheers was among the starters, and was naturally made favourite. He got none the best of a straggling start, and failed by a neck to concede 24lb. to the smart Monitress. This does not help to throw much light on the St. Leger, though the way Cheers ran it out to the finish pleased his friends, and it must be quite certain that they have no fears as to his legs standing work.

Some smart two year olds faced the starter for the Devonshire Nursery Plate, of which Debutante, who possessed recent winning form, was the public choice. She had her field settled some way from home, and won easily. Since she emerged from the ranks of the selling platers she has made a wonderful improvement, and is sure to be dangerous in the future. Backers were in luck again when they followed Presbyterian for the Kedleston Plate, but their luck did not hold, most of the winnings being piled on St. Windeline, who appeared to have the Eighth Champion Breeders' Biennial at her mercy. That she would have won there is little doubt had she not been knocked over by Condor. She did not actually fall, but was right on her head, and recovered in a wonderful way, but she was utterly out of the race. The collision is officially noticed in the *Calendar*, a most unusual course. In the Harrington Plate, Sizerg, Rich Dark, and Kroonstad fought out an interesting finish, which somewhat enhances the form of the winner.

The Peveril of the Peak Plate brought out a good field, including the last year's winner, Ves, and several who then finished behind him. King's Guest was very leniently treated in the matter of weight, and was at once made favourite, though a lot of money was forthcoming for Sonatura and Merry

Methodist. Volodyovski showed a lot of temper, and even Mornington Cannon could not persuade him to make an effort; it is to be feared that he has taken an incurable dislike to racing, as it is by no means the first time he has behaved in a similar manner. There were several exciting finishes during the day, particularly in the Selling Nursery, when Griggs just got Martinmas home by a head so short that everyone took it for a dead-heat.

Mr. Tom Wadlow, to the regret of his many friends, has announced his intention of retiring from training at an early date, but he still was able to bring off a nice 8 to 1 chance in the Abbot's Hill Selling Plate with Broad Sanctuary, a son of Westminster. The winner was subsequently sold to R. Marsh for £105. Mr. Wadlow's retirement makes a void among the older trainers which will be much felt; though not a large stable, the Shifnal establishment turned out many noted winners, particularly Lord Bradford's Sir

Hugo. Among those who trained with Tom Wadlow were Lord Bradford, Mr. H. E. Beddington, Colonel Fenwick, and Mr. A. D. Cochrane.

There is likely to be a rather stormy meeting of the Jockey Club at Newmarket in October, it being felt that very scant justice has been done to Mr. A. Coventry by stewards, and their action is likely to be called in question by an influential section of the club. That this is only a reflection of the general feeling among racing men must be generally admitted. The whole question of starting, whether by flag or gate, needs revision; with the co-operation of the riders good starts can be obtained under both systems. What is really wanted is a firmer hand on the jockeys. The starter has his work cut out to watch the horses, but if a steward was always on duty at the starting-post to watch the jockeys and bring them up at once in case of misbehaviour, we should see fewer bad starts.

MENDIP.

OTTER-HUNTING.

WHEN the river is in flood it is next to impossible to hunt and kill an otter

in his favourite haunts, but during a spate fish have a habit of moving higher up the stream than usual, and the otter has to follow his natural prey. The result is that when a spell of dry weather comes on and he is in turn hunted, he is at a disadvantage, and has often to seek in vain for a pool deep enough to afford anything like adequate refuge. This may possibly account for the number of otters killed this season, which in many respects has been anything but favourable to good sport. It is of course an otter's own fault if he is caught in such a situation, for he is capable of travelling an enormous distance in an incredibly short time. Some authorities say that an otter will frequently traverse twenty or thirty miles in a night, and to anyone who has watched his extraordinary agility in his native element this statement is not hard to believe. And who can blame the poor beast if, after an ample repast and a night spent in play with the members of his family, he elects, like Mr. Jorrocks, "to sleep where he has dined"? But it must not for a moment be supposed that even in a very small stream the hounds have an easy task; for a short distance on land, if aided by thick cover, the otter can hold his own with the best pack in existence, especially as he generally succeeds in landing unobserved, and thus obtains a good start.



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ON THE WAY TO THE RIVER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

But it is in the water that he excels, and everyone who has hunted a pack of otter-hounds must remember innumerable cases in which the quarry has vanished in the most miraculous manner when it seemed impossible for him to elude his pursuers. Those who have held, or attempted to hold, the shallowest of stickles can testify to the wonderful eel-like way in which an otter gets through, even if the men are standing literally shoulder to shoulder.

The writer can well remember the first time he had the privilege of guarding a stickle.

It was his first experience, but he had found favour with the Master by being the first to view the otter as he left hisholt by an unsuspected exit while the terriers were busy at the front door. He was told where to stand and requested to keep his eyes on the water and his pole moving. There was a long, deep pool just below, and it was most important that the otter should be induced to go up stream. Nothing occurred for the first ten minutes, and it was indeed hard to keep a sharp look-out on the few yards of water immediately in front when one's whole heart was with the rapidly receding pack. Then a check apparently occurred, and the suspense and disappointment of the next few minutes were almost unbearable. At last, however, a "Tally-ho down!" set all our nerves tingling again, and presently the trained eye of the whip detected the otter as he came swimming down straight towards us, more like some great fish than any four-legged animal. A vigorous demonstration with poles turned him, and



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A PARLOUS MOMENT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

again he headed up stream. A minute afterwards the hounds reached us, and, following the scent carried by the running water, passed down to the pool below, only to return when that failed. In the meantime the otter had been saving his strength and regaining his breath by putting about two inches of his nose above water, carefully concealing himself the while under the cover of an overhanging bush. When concealment was no longer possible he led his enemies up stream again; but he had evidently made up his mind that in the deep water lower down lay his only chance of safety, and loud shouts soon warned us that he had doubled on his pursuers. The water was very dirty now. It is possible he might have slipped through between us unobserved, but just before reaching the line he rose to the surface and, taking a long breath, calmly surveyed us. The temptation to spear him with the iron-tipped pole was almost irresistible; but more sportsmanlike feelings prevailed, and, indeed, he did not give much of a chance, for in an instant he passed between the writer's legs, leaving him looking foolishly and apologetically at his companions. Our ford was now abandoned, and the one below being occupied by a fresh relay of men, we had an opportunity of watching hounds at work, and beautiful work it was. The way in which a swimming



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A LIKELY PLACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

otter-hound can follow the trail up stream and down stream must be seen to be believed. After half-an-hour or so of this, the otter foolishly left his place of security, and, taking to land, was bowled over after ten minutes' sharp run, just as he was about to regain the water. Then came the breaking up, the distribution of the pads and mask, and then the worry, the long trudge home, wet, weary, and hungry, but full of contentment. Such a day is worth ten times the exertion called for. Nor is it necessary that a kill should be effected to ensure a thoroughly pleasant day. The hunt of necessity goes through the most beautiful and unfrequented parts of the country, and the pace is such as to give plenty of time to observe all the natural beauty of ever-varying scenery. It is a sport, too, in which the healthy English lady of the present day can indulge without unnecessary fatigue, although sometimes difficult places have to be negotiated, as witness the lady crossing the log bridge in our illustration. We doubt very much whether the game is afoot at this point, otherwise she would have fewer squires in attendance.

This picture and the two others, "On the Way to the River" and "A Likely Place," were taken by our photographer during a very pleasant day with Mr. Courtney Tracy's hounds on the Nadder. "The Kill" and "Tally-ho! Gone Away!" are snap-shots of the Culmstock Hunt, which hunt has had a most successful season.



F. Higgins & Son.

TALLY-HO! GONE AWAY!

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F. Higgins & Son.

THE KILL.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY

THERE must be some courage in an author who deliberately sits down to work out an artifice which has often been employed before, and that by the greatest masters of his craft. At least courage is the word if he realises the difficulty of his attempt, but if he fails to do so then we know the class of persons who "rush in where angels fear to tread." Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy gallantly challenges a judgment on this issue in his novel, *If I Were King* (Heinemann). It has already been dramatised, but not having yet been to the play, I take it as a novel pure and simple. The main theme is that Louis XI., acting Haroun al Raschid in a thieving ken, happens upon the famous poet and criminal, François Villon, and for a week gives him seven crowded days of sensual life as High Constable of France, with the prospect of a hanging at the end. Shakespeare himself did not score with his accustomed brilliance when he tried a similar experiment on Christopher Sly, and the most successful transformation of the kind that we know of was the elevation of

Sancho Panza. We mention the instance, but shall not do Mr. McCarthy the injustice of instituting comparisons. Rather let us glance for a moment at his thieving ken. Alas for him, here again a contrast is thrust upon us, because what he has tried to do was done inimitably by Robert Burns when he assembled "A merry core o' randie gangrel bodies" at Poosie-Nansie's. Mr. McCarthy's company is much the same "gaudy, painted, assertive strumpets, with young, fair, shameless faces—worthy jills of the ill-favoured Jacks who cuddled them"; but, like everybody else in this book, they go off into sentimentalism on the slightest provocation. One of them sings a song, a Villon song never meant for such company, and "Enné, that was a sad song, Abbess," Isabeau sighed, and her face seemed to have paled beneath its sad colours, and the lines about her mouth and eyes to have grown older in surrender to inevitable thoughts." Another tells the men that they cannot make one sad as Villon could in the midst of gladness, which is language "thieves and callats" would be the last to use. Villon himself enters the scene, fresh from prison and a whipping, but off he goes into such bleat as a waiter might carry away from an Omar banquet. "But also I am, Heaven forgive me, a jingler of rhymes, with the stars for my candles and the roses for my toys." Then "his chin dropped upon his breast" and tears threatened to come, till we feel inclined to shake this make-believe for assuming the name of the gay, resolute, devil-may-care Villon. Artistically, of course, the author's fault—and it is the deepest conceivable—is that while the poetic should have been shown only in gleam and suggestion, he jams it down in capitals six feet long, "This is poetry." It makes us long for the open air of Burns and the pigmy scrapper's "Let me ryke up to dight that tear."

Evidently the author means his gangrels for the central figures, and the historical personages are but blazoned round them, so that without more ado he has lifted them out of "Quentin Durward." His Louis XI. is the Louis XI. of Sir Walter Scott or the outline of him; and Tristran L'Hermite is still more of a shadow. Their entrance *incognito* to the Fircone is managed with no dramatic skill or subtlety, and indeed there is a good deal of the "This is a fish" style of narrative in the volume. A jealous woman desirous of making her lover disclose the name of her rival shows her woman's wit by whispering coaxingly: "What was the lady's name, dear François?" As if feminine lips moved by jealousy ever could frame so direct a catechism. Into this low haunt of cut-throats and their women enters, as if it were a drawing-room, "Your Majesty's kinswoman, the Lady Katherine de Vaucelles," and we pause to think by what means a master of his craft would have reconciled us to an appearance so extraordinary. To her speaks Villon. "The world is changed by your coming, all sweet tastes and fair colours and soft sounds have something of you in them. I eat and I see and hear in your honour. The people in the street are blessed because you have passed among them. That stone on the ground is sacred, for your foot has touched it." It is as silly as a pantomime song, "I kissed the postage stamp, for her bright lips had licked it." Fancy the laughing, witty Villon uttering drivel of this kind! Probably Mr. McCarthy did not realise beforehand how difficult it is to bring a man of letters successfully into fiction. With other historical characters the task is not so difficult. Writers of history have not, as a rule, been a very imaginative folk. They have occupied themselves mostly with the narration of events, so that a line of kings is but a line of dim figures, and a poet or novelist may take a Cœur de Lion, a Saladin, a Charles II., a Richard III., or a Macbeth, and make him live by painting an authentic human figure that fits in with his environment and satisfies our reason, even if he be not an accurate presentment of the actual monarch as he lived. But the man of letters interests us exclusively through his mind. Consciously or not he has painted himself, and not even a Thackeray can call up an Addison or a Steel that answers the requirements. Of Villon's material existence we know next to nothing, but the scraps of poetry he left behind are pregnant with hints of the inner man.

Viewed purely and simply as a novel, that is to say, as a picture of men and manners woven into a story, without regard to historical fact, *If I Were King* is not a success. Its rapsalliondon is flooded with a sentimentality most foreign to it, and the hero, judged merely as a ragamuffin with gleams of the poetic and a philosophy that makes him look before and after, would not have acted as Villon did without undergoing some such violent change or development of character as Shakespeare has shown us in Henry V. Katherine de Vaucelles, whom he loves and wins, is merely the orthodox and familiar heroine of romantic fiction. How many of them can we count of the bluest blood, the most unutterable beauty, possessing all the virtues, sweetness, gifts, and goodness a fertile fancy can invent? Conceivably she might have fallen in love with the tattered and shabby poet, and it would have been stronger to give her a more "coming on mood," but all the man's life and philosophy must have led to contempt of her *bourgeois* virtues. The adoration felt by Quentin Durward for a very similar woman was perfectly natural. She answered exactly to his ideals; but

whatever Villon may be, he is not Quentin, and what is natural in the one is the opposite in the other. Scott's sense of humour, which after all meant his wisdom and knowledge of life, would have prevented him from procuring so fatuous a match. The artistic chance missed by the author lay in Huguette du Hamel, "Yonder she-thing in the man's habit." But with her, as with the rest, he spoils all by lack of delicacy (we refer to delicacy of hint and suggestion and style) and restraint. He wishes to insinuate that she loves Villon, and "she was at his side in an instant, fondling him and fawning upon him." A touch of jealousy, and "she raged up to Villon, challenging the meaning of his speech." So, likewise, all her other qualities, good and bad, are writ in round hand, as if the author felt a resolute determination to leave not a single thing to the reader's imagination. Worse still, Huguette is not of the slightest importance to the story. Her part might be wiped out, and all be as before. In the end, she suffers the fate of so many superfluous characters in fiction, and is killed more or less gloriously. And surely it is a dreadful condemnation of Bohemia to give as the end of the story that "the poet and his mistress settled down on a small and quiet estate in Poitou, lived a peaceful country life for many years, and died a peaceful death at the end." So did the monarch of the forest become a hunter of rabbits.

It had been our intention to say a word of the style and its occasional preciosity, but if a writer delights in such phrases as "two pursuivants stirred the air with the blast of golden trumpets," *sancta simplicitas* would be preached to him in vain. P.

LORD FRANCIS HARVEY has performed an excellent service in causing to be printed and published *The Breviary of Suffolk* (Murray), or, to give it its full title, "Suffolk in the XVIIth Century; the breviary of Suffolk, by Robert Keyce, 1618, now published for the first time from the MS. in the British Museum." Mr. Murray has given it a tasteful binding in red cloth and vellum that accords well with the quaint and interesting contents. Lord Francis Harvey, who contributes some valuable notes, wisely placed at the end, so as not to interfere with the text, has given the author as he found him, arbitrary spelling and all. Out of it one can frame a very pleasant idea of the Suffolk that was post-Elizabethan. "It were vanity well reprovable to bee curious in etimologising," says the author on his first page, and, avoiding that and other forms of vanity, we can pick out a sentence here and a sentence there to suggest what the silly Suffolk of long ago was like. Edmund the holy and his Burg, with all the noble families and their genealogies, we may omit, and stick to the rural characteristics. Thus "the provision for the victualling of the Royall Navy in Queen Elizabeths dayes was yearly from these parts for the greatest part furnished." In Suffolk "the excellent commoditie of clothing" flourished, as also did the industry of wool-sorting. Keyce tells us that "hoppes" were once a great crop, but in his time they were grown only for "the home expence, and that upon wast grounds otherwise nott to bee employed." Timber, too, was decreasing, owing to the "multiplicity of curious buildings" and "variety of costly shipping." Of wild animals, badgers, otters, and foxes were not so common as in some other parts of England, but the hare—and this is interesting—was "the cheife sport of the yeomanry," and "the harmlesse conies" are said to "delight naturally to make their aboad here." Deer were few, sheep many, and "as for the goat, hee is a stranger with us, hee likes nott our fatt fertile soile." "Great number of large dairies of most goodly milch cattle . . . in every place are kept," and the horse is "an ornament of this shire." After a paragraph about "Fowles," we come to a lament about hawking, which "belonging only to gentlemen and persons of quality is so taken up now of every Coridon mean and base companion while each one deceives another of the eggs, and often of the whole ayre the store and game is spoiled." Of singing birds there were divers "whose notes I cannott commend unto you as the corksow, the jay, the woodspight, the owle, and more, both in the woodland and nere the sea." Passing by the account of castles and mansions, we find this interesting description of cottage building in those old times: "The mean person, and s^r the poor cottager whose purse will not serve to bestow much, thinks hee doth very well, if hee can compass in his manner of building to raise his frame low, cover it with thatch, and to fill his wide pannels (after they are well splinted and bound) with clay or culme enough well tempered, over which it may be, some of more ability, both for warmth, continuance, and comeliness, doe bestowe a cast of haire, lime, and sand made into morter and layed thereon, rough or smooth as the owner pleaseth." He is bitter on "the immoderate desire of the bordering Lords" who have "strained and narrowed in many places" the broad old highways, and "neither can I adde any report of our bridges." Here is a most delightfully naive confession following a proud boast that there is no dialect or idiom in the county. "Howbeit I must confesse our honest Country toying villager, to expresse his meaning to his like neighbour, will many times lett slip some strange different sounding tearmes, no wayes intelligible to any of civill education, untill by the rude comment of some skillfull in that form, which by daily use amongst them is familer, they bee after their manner explained." Concerning the poor he philosophises thus: "It is familar with the nature of man to weigh benefitts received with feathers and light weights, but incommodities hee weigheth with leads and heavy weights." Of the husbandman, that is, we assume, the farmer, it is remarked that "hee laboureth much, and if the frowning yeares should nott sometimes diminish his crop, hee would never care what hee offered for the hyre of lands." The yeomanry are highly praised for their "under living, saving, and the immuniety from the costly charge of these unfaithfull times," and he adds that from these are derived "many noble and worthy families." It would be pleasant to go on dipping into this curious breviary and sampling the wares offered by Mr. Keyce, but what has been quoted will show the reader what to expect. Should he be interested in Suffolk, he will delight in the notes, to the making of which Lord Francis Harvey has brought erudition, local knowledge, and zeal to make use of them. He has given us a book without which any country house library will henceforth be incomplete.

It would seem, and we do not wonder at it, that the success of "Japan" and "War Impressions" must have been very encouraging, for here already is a third bulky volume from the same hand, *World Pictures by Mortimer Menpes*, Text by Dorothy Menpes (Black). We might describe it as a huge miscellaneous

scrap-book in which are preserved what the author thought impressive during a course of wandering that has carried him into every quarter of the globe. No fewer than 500 pictures are reproduced, of which fifty are in colour, fifty in black and white, and fifty in outline. They represent an individual taste, but those we like best are from Palestine, and particularly the Mosque of Omar, Jerusalem, the Mount of Olives, and Bethlehem. Here the subject appears to suit the medium, or rather media, employed. Speaking generally of the book, the little sketches in outline scattered through the text are the least happy, and indeed an outline sketch does not seem at all fitted to convey the ideas of an impressionist. Often in his more considerable pictures the artist produces an effect as though one were looking at his scene through a film, but this will not do for outline work where it leads only to a blur. Some of the black and white pictures attain a high point of excellence, and their reproduction is even more successful than that of the coloured drawings. The last-mentioned vary a great deal. Some are altogether beyond praise in their delicacy of tint and harmony of colour, but several make us think unpleasantly of German chromos. The text is amusing and not without a spice of malice. Here, for instance, is an extract from the description of artists at Pont-Aven in Brittany:

"For two or three years I remained on this battlefield of creeds, and conflicts of opinion raged constantly. Everyone was frantically devoted to one or other of the dominating principles of the modern school. There was a regular bevy of schools there. One, called the Stripists, painted in stripes, with vivid colour as nearly prismatic as possible, all the surrounding scenery; then came the Dottists, who painted in a series of dots; there were also the Spottists, a branch of the Dottists, whose difference from the latter was too subtle for my comprehension. Men there were who had a theory that you must ruin your digestion before you could paint a masterpiece. No physically healthy person, they declared, could ever hope to do fine work.

"And they used literally to try to bring about indigestion. One man, celebrated for his painting of pure saints with blue dresses, over which Paris would go crazy, never by any chance attempted to paint a saint until he had drunk three glasses of absinthe and bathed his face well in ether. Another poor dear creature decided that he was going to have an exhibition of merry-go-rounds in Paris that should startle all France. He, too, had a theory that the only way to get at the soul of the thing was to paint when quite drunk; he maintained that the merry-go-rounds whirled round faster then, and I never doubted him for an instant. One day I went to his studio. I was dazed. I didn't know whether I was standing on my head or my heels; Catherine-wheels weren't in it. It was quite impossible to see Black Bess or any of the pet horses we knew so well; the pictures were simply one giddy whirl.

"Then there was the bitumen school, a group of artists who never painted anything but white sunlit houses with bitumen shadows. A year or two afterwards a terrible thing happened; invariably without any warning whatsoever, the pictures would suddenly slide from off their respective canvases on to the floor, the bitumen having melted."

Always of interest is the vigorous, primitive, imaginative art of Russia, and it finds a remarkable exponent in Maxim Gorky, a writer of the old Bohemian type, who pictures life as he has seen it during a career of hardship crowned by success. His *Three Men* (Isbister), translated into good idiomatic English by Mr. Charles Horne, is not a book for *les jeunes filles*, but it has force, vividness, and philosophy. Its characters are all taken from the lower strata of society, the chief one—we cannot say hero—Ilya, being first a fishmonger's apprentice, then a pedlar. M. Gorky thoroughly clears away the whitewash of civilisation, and gives us a study of man guided by primitive instincts and a few vague superstitions. Ilya plays havoc with the commandments, and is not worried by his conscience. Paradox though it may appear, he is, notwithstanding, a strong and not unlikeable character. He can upon occasion act the liar, yet his mind is relatively truthful; he goes with women of the *demi-monde*, and lives in loose relations with the wife of the man he lodges with; yet he has the feeling and instinct out of which a Sir Galahad might have been made; he murders and robs an old man, and has only a wild beast's terror of the consequences; he confesses his crime, but it is only from a sort of contempt. "I'd rather live with dogs than with men," is his bitter conclusion. The end of the story is no ringing of marriage bells, but the accidental knocking out of his brains while the police are after him. Throughout a gloomy book this desolate, hopeless view of life is continually presented. "One lives and works and toils all one's life; there isn't any sense in it, and all the others live and our sort grows hungry; we can't stand fast, brother, for all we straddle our legs," is an incidental sentiment that the whole book illustrates. And, again, "Just think! men live to work, and work comes because of men; it is just like turning a wheel always in the same place, and you can't see why it goes round." An abandoned woman in the midst of her sin "crossed herself before the picture of Saint Anne," and that is the religion of the book. One of the men has "got on so well with his reading he has come to doubt of a God." Further, the book comes from a public-house atmosphere, and reeks of drink and drunken scuffles, of ill-language, and blows and misery, till we wonder if it can possibly afford a true picture of any portion of the Russian society of to-day. No doubt the poorer subjects of the Czar are considerably behind the European standard of culture. They enjoy more freedom than they once did, but nothing like what is expected in this country, and the circumscribing of their lives has retarded development. It is a people scarcely yet emerged from savagery, yet with leaders of thought of the very first rank. On their perspective the bleak despairing realism, or so-called realism, of Zola has set its seal, and depressing novels like this are the outcome. The result is to be regretted. A higher art and a higher wisdom, that of Goethe himself, who wrote for the Germans when Germany was much in the same intellectual position as is Russia now, gave the essence of his message in the sentence, "We bid you to hope," and all that is best in "the immortal voices" repeat that message. To produce gloom and despair, to preach that an honourable man is "like a feeble cat in a cellar among a thousand rats," is neither true, healthful, nor stimulating. It is tragic, yet scarcely true tragedy, though to prove that would require a long argument and analysis. This protest we make with a full sense that Maxim Gorky deserves gratitude for going back to the simple, strong, and primitive, and avoiding the sugary drawing-room story on which English novelists for the time being have fallen. Mr. Hardy tried to do something on the same plane with "Tess," but that is the only modern example we can call to mind.

Those who are fond of American humour should buy Mr. Sherlock's *Your Uncle Lew* (Hutchinson). Uncle Lew on every other page or so delivers himself of sayings such as this: "There's a sucker born every minute, and statistics prove they die at the rate of one a year," which is a translation into the vulgate of Carlyle's "mostly fools." For cynicism take this: "I can lift myself out of the slough of despair wa'chin' a couple bunchin' good-lyes at a

car window." It is a clever, but not too clever, readable novel, and the old man is a character from life.

The revision given to the famous Murray's guide-books has been very thorough since this excellent series was transferred to another publisher. The sixth edition has been issued of *Murray's Handbook for Ireland* (Edward Stanford), and very great care has been given to its preparation. "For the purpose of this revision," says the editor, "the whole country has again been travelled through by him." As a result the bulk is increased by forty-three pages, new maps have been added, and the index and directory, a most important part, dealing with hotels, railways, steamers, cars, etc., have been brought up to date. The book is now a model of its kind.

DEVON & SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS.

THESE hounds have been hunting the outskirts of the country during the early days of September, to give owners a chance of shooting their black game free from interruption. Sport has not been of a very exciting character. From the coverts above Winsford several stags were roused on Monday, and the pack settled to the line of one which ran a nine-mile point at a very great pace, but mostly through the coverts in the Exe Valley, so that riders had perforce to go most of the way on the road. The stag loitered in the valley near Red Cleeve till the pack ran right up to him, and for the last few miles it was a race almost in view across Pixton Park and the meadows beyond to the River Barle, where the stag stood to bay and was killed.

On Wednesday a special train had to be requisitioned to take hounds and somewhere near a hundred horses to Crowcombe Park Gate. On Mr. Stanley's big woodlands a deer was roused after a prolonged period of tugging, but he hung in covert looking for other deer, not without success, for it was not till hounds were several miles away over the enclosed country that it was found they were on the line of the wrong deer.

On Saturday Mr. Luttrell's coverts near Dunster were drawn for the second time this season, and a fair day's sport was enjoyed, scent being much better than on the previous occasion. There have been a few fine days lately which have enabled farmers to cut most of their corn, and the operations of the hunt will not in future be so much impeded as they have been in the past few weeks.

FROM THE PAVILION

IT SEEM to remember something in Horace to the effect that in the case of certain enemies it is a splendid and a unique triumph to escape from them and to outwit them. This seems fairly applicable to the Australians. Beat them we rarely can; beaten we often have been; hence a drawn battle covers us with honour, even if the moral victory lies with the foe. Such was the case at Scarborough, when a thoroughly good side, selected by C. I. Thornton, and containing some of our very best players, only escaped defeat by the efflux of time; but so dark had our prospects seemed at one time that escape was really creditable, especially as we were enabled to close our innings before the final wicket fell. Jackson in the first innings had batted truly admirably, as had A. O. Jones, but Tyldesley played what an eye-witness describes to me as one of the best innings of his life at his second attempt, and had thus paved the way for the staunch defence set up by those tough-hearted Yorkshiremen, Haigh, Hunter, and Rhodes. First, for once in a way, was not a success, but Haigh got runs in both innings, and picked up a few wickets, as did Rhodes, so that of the seven Yorkshiremen playing five distinguished themselves. Trumper the irresistible scored 62 and 55, making the bowling, as is his way, seem as innocent as mother's milk, so simple and facile are his strokes, whatever kind of ball is presented to him. This was the final match of the Scarborough Festival. To the first allusion was made last week, and as to the second, a contrast between amateurs and professionals, it will suffice to say that the professionals had the best of a drawn game in which the scoring was large, 1,067 runs for the loss of 35 wickets. Both Burnup and Taylor made 102 for the amateurs, and Foster (R. E.) played well and saved the game in the second innings, Brown, Tyldesley, Denton, and Carpenter doing the bulk of the scoring for the professionals. I should have added that another Yorkshireman, Ernest Smith, hit splendidly for the 76 runs which he contributed to the amateurs' total.

Burnup is not to be denied this year; many indeed, wise perhaps after the event, think that he, as well as T. L. Taylor, might well have been played in one at least of the test matches. However, from Scarborough he proceeded to Hastings, where his own county, Kent, in combination with Sussex, undertook to play the Rest of England; his contributions this time were 1 and 107, the latter a particularly good innings, played on a wicket that was none too easy, and on which none of his comrades could get more than 42. Jessop, however, of the other side, "hurricaned" for 109, and "W. G." got 70, not without luck perhaps, but in excellent style. This year of wet and rain has brought several veterans to the fore again, notably Grace, Murdoch, Shrewsbury, and A. P. Lucas, their experience and patience having stood them in good stead. Abel himself should rank as a veteran as far as mere years go, but as he has scored over 2,000 runs for eight years in succession, including two totals that exceed 3,000, he cannot be accounted as anything but one of the present generation of cricketers. His latest feat—I am writing of last week—was to get 171, a practically perfect innings, played at a good pace, against Warwickshire, Dowson and Clode supporting him well, and helping Surrey to win very easily. In the absence of Lockwood, on the list of injured, the Surrey bowling was weaker than usual, but Brockwell rose to the occasion, likewise Richardson, so that 251 and 260 were all that Warwickshire could show against Surrey's 136, the odd 78 being knocked off in fine style by Dowson and Captain Lash. Only 31 wickets fell and 1,065 runs were scored. This was the final match of the county championship series, the last of a season which has been remarkable for the number of drawn games, mainly caused by bad weather, though only two matches were abandoned outright. On June 21st no less than twenty-eight games had been drawn to thirty-three finished, a most ominous proportion; indeed, the whole county season only shows eighty-four finishes, as opposed to sixty-six draws and two games "abandoned." The weather, rather than huge scoring, was responsible for this, though in abusing the elements it must not be

forgotten that they have often conducted to the finishing of a match that under cloudless skies might have been left unfinished. Still 44 per cent. of drawn matches is so large a proportion as to affect the accuracy of the honour-order of the counties. That Hampshire is indisputably the champion no one can doubt or deny, nor that Hampshire is the weakest—the figures in each case are irresistible; but it is hard to think that Sussex, second on the list, is superior to Notts, or that Leicestershire, Derbyshire, and Worcestershire are really stronger than Essex and Middlesex. Curiously enough, Middlesex met none of these three, and only effected two draws with Essex; but the metropolitan county has undoubtedly been very weak this year, and has had no luck to boast of. Perhaps, on the whole, it is best to accept the printed figures without criticism, especially when there can be no carping at the position of that county which is champion by admitted merit as much as by mere numerals. It is no small feat to have lost but two county matches in three years. One wonders what 1903 may bring forth.

W. J. FORD.

ON THE GREEN.

A FEW years ago the editor of *Punch* wrote to Mr. Harry Furniss, at that time on the staff of *Punch*, from Westward Ho, saying, "I think you would like this place; there are good golfing sands (sic) here." At that time—there may have been a subsequent reformation—the editor of *Punch* was not a golfer. That was the best golfing joke ever made by *Punch*. Like all the best humour, it was unconscious. The second best, I think, is the one that has been in *Punch* lately about the friend, new to golf, breaking the Colonel's (why is it always the "Colonel" that is the victim in the golfing jest?) best driver and saying, "I see now why it is you want so many clubs for this game." Even this naïve comment perhaps is better than that of the friend who broke his host's best set—the whole of it—and then said blandly, "These things ought to be made of some

stronger wool." Language likewise ought to be made of some stronger words for the proper comment upon this.

To those that know his driving there seems to be a certain grim and fearful humour about the report of Mr. Edward Blackwell's play in the tournament at St. Andrews—that he was "seen to special advantage on the putting green." The general character of his game possibly may have been severe. That was on the first day. On the second day he had Mr. Norman Hunter to meet, who no doubt has become a steadier player than he was, though without losing any of his length and brilliancy. These two long drivers must have had a splendid match, Mr. Hunter winning at the home hole. But the day was diabolical. It was the day of the North Berwick Old Club's meeting. The storm, by all accounts, raged so furiously that it overturned what the Scot, with a singular perversity, since he calls every other kind of coach a machine, calls the bathing coaches on the beach. It is just this kind of weather that often seems specially made for Mr. Laidlay, and on this day he returned what must have been a remarkable score, under the circumstances, of 88. With that he won easily, for no other return was put in under the three figures.

If the fact wanted any proving, which certainly it does not, Mr. Fry would have once more proved himself a player by sending in the lowest return in the scoring round preceding the tournament play for the Irish championship. With a very large field, including Mr. Hilton, against him, this was no small achievement. The gale that blew North Berwick golf balls and bathing coaches into the sea, played havoc with telegraphic communication to Ireland, so that even news so important as the championship proceedings did not come fully and immediately to hand. Mr. Fry, in spite of his best scoring round, had to go down before Mr. Bramston, who must be playing a great game. Mr. Hilton, previous to his meeting Mr. Bramston in the semi-final, had received a severe shaking from Mr. H. Reade, certainly the greatest golfer of the Irish. Indeed, Mr. Reade was two up and three to play, and had chances both at the sixteenth hole and the seventeenth. Possibly a consciousness that he was about to do a big thing in knocking Mr. Hilton out came to disturb him, for he failed to do it. It is often thus.

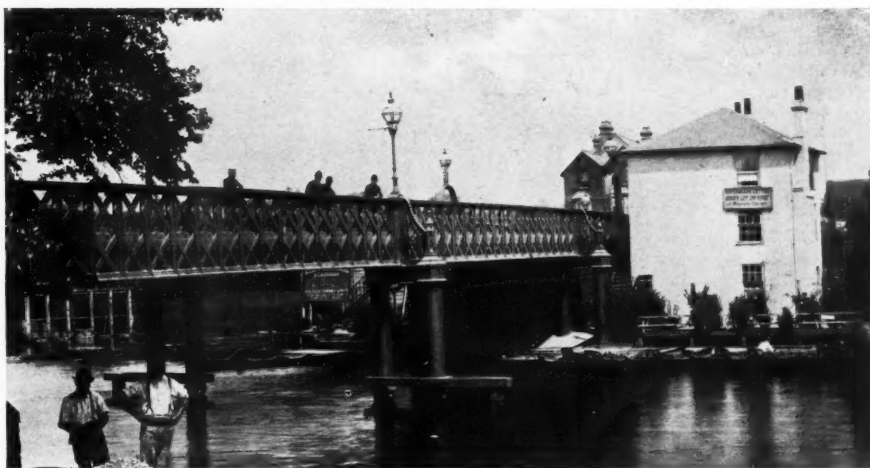
HORACE HUTCHINSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SONNING BRIDGES AND OTHERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—COUNTRY LIFE, the *Times*, and the *Spectator*—it would be difficult to find an equally influential trio of newspapers, impossible to name one of greater weight—have made a simultaneous onslaught upon the monstrous action of the Oxfordshire County Council in relation to Sonning Bridges; Mr. Leslie, R.A., and Mr. Holman Hunt have also added their protests; but the majority of the Council, or rather those who were in the majority on the occasion when the matter was debated, appear to have hardened their hearts. At first it seemed that they were going to pursue the prudent policy of Brer Rabbit and to lie low; and that, perhaps, would have been their wisest plan, if they are indeed determined to persist in their Vandalism. Experience in controversy and agitation in the past, indeed, caused the friends of the Thames to be disappointed when, day after day, they took up the *Times*, to find that the Oxfordshire County Council remained obdurately silent. Then came a letter from an anonymous member of the Council, not a very strong letter; and then, on Saturday last, one from Mr. T. Neighbour of Shiplake, who may be regarded as a blessing in disguise. He is, at any rate, a concrete individual, with whom one may argue, and he tells us what is going to be done unless, as is more than likely, public opinion proves too strong for a majority at a poorly attended meeting of the Oxfordshire County Council. "The brick piers at either end of the bridges are to be widened and strengthened; the brick bridges near the centre are to be widened only, all on the up-stream side; and in place of oak decking and piles the spaces between the brick parts will be carried on steel girders, these girders to have one intermediate central support in the stream nearest 'The French Horn,' and two supports at equi-distances in the stream nearest to Sonning Mill. The sides of the bridges will be guarded by a lattice girder in place of the existing iron rail fence, and this I somewhat regret. But I do most positively affirm that on the only public pathway from which the bridges can be viewed the sole visible alteration will be the lattice girder just referred to and the substitution of three very narrow supports in place of the oak piles. So far from the present



appearance of the bridges being left out of sight, it was a matter of earnest endeavour to retain it, and, while having due regard to the widening and strengthening, it will be very largely preserved." By way of comment on this description, I send you a photograph of two existing bridges, whose ugliness seems fairly to represent the ideals of the Oxfordshire County Council. Utilitarian as he is—Mr. Neighbour tells us earlier in the letter that it is necessary to make provision for traction engines—he admits that he somewhat regrets the lattice girder which is to take the place of the present iron rail. That which Mr. Neighbour somewhat regrets is likely to be a serious eyesore to the general public. After this he quibbles, not to put too fine a point on it, saying that the division in the Council was not upon the question whether alterations should be made, but on the question whether it would be wise to proceed without the consent of the Conservancy. The greater includes the less, and it is childish to suggest, as Mr. Neighbour does, that Lord Jersey, Lord Saye and Sele, Sir W.

Markwick, and others, who voted in the minority for the amendment, had not in the preliminary debate opposed the alterations also with all their vigour. Finally Mr. Neighbour is pleased to express his pleasure that the matter should have been ventilated. "So that presently, when the work is completed and attention is again drawn to it, the action of the Council will be held to be justified." The Council, it seems, has hardened its heart; it is resolved upon a design of which Mr. Neighbour himself somewhat regrets the most conspicuous feature, for after all the sides of the roadway will catch the eye more than any part of the bridge. But if COUNTRY LIFE and its allies will but "keep on pegging away," I venture to think that the minority of August 6th, and some of the twenty odd members who were not present that day, may induce the majority to see the error of their ways.—THAMESIS.



PICTURESQUE DEVONSHIRE COTTAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Anyone wandering along the lanes that connect the quaint villages on the outskirts of Dartmoor, must have been charmed by the beauty of the cottages. After every hundred yards or so along one of these tortuous roads, nestling in the shelter of an orchard of russet-brown apples, you come upon the cheery homestead of the native Devonian. In front of each of these dwellings is a little garden overflowing with colour. Fuchsias, 12ft. high, radiant with a thousand blossoms, have a beauty here that would be quite undreamt of by the feeble little plant which perhaps flourishes in gardens further North. The geraniums and petunias absorb the brilliant sunshine, and seem to reflect it in a scarlet gaiety which cheers the heart of the spectator. A few feet behind this flower paradise squats the dwarf-like cottage. Underneath the bushy eyebrows of overhanging thatch the little windows, like eyes, seem to be peering watchfully into the lane. There is often quite a knowingness and a look of suppressed humour in their appearance. If you can get inside on some pretext, such as the want of a glass of milk, a new view of homely comfort meets your curious eye. Everything is clean and neat, and in its right place. The walls are whitewashed and the floors are bare; the furniture is scant and of unvarnished wood, and the crockery is white. Everything is simple. A rickety-looking spiral stair is scarcely suggestive of security. It leads to a long, low, dimly-lighted bedroom, and one wonders what a pleasure it would be to waken in it, to listen to the birds heralding the approach of day, to put one's head out of the little window and breathe in the fresh dewy air of a Devon morning. One remembers with a qualm that the building bye-laws would make short work of their massive cob walls and homely thatched roofs, but the time is not yet come when the miserably uniform structures of brick and mortar shall take their place. It is doubtful if so many picturesque cottages could be found in other English shires as in this fair land of Devon.—ONLOOKER.

HERRING GULLS IN CONFINEMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent, "E. D. T.," in your issue of August 23rd, asks if herring gulls would breed in confinement, so it may interest him and others to know that they will. Last year a pair, having the run of my garden, made a nest, and two eggs were laid and one was hatched, but the young bird died in five days. This year the same pair of old birds showed signs of making a nest, and were then placed in an enclosure of hurdles. A nest was made, three eggs were laid, and two hatched out in June, and the young ones are now as large as the old birds, who shared equally the task of sitting on the eggs.—THEODORE BELL.

CRICKET AT WELLINGTON.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—There is no public school that has a wider expanse of cricket ground than Wellington. Moreover, it is a very beautiful ground, for, except on the side where the College stands, the eye reaches over varying shades of green up to the dark fir trees at the back. The school, however, has suffered up till now in two ways. Firstly, this seemingly magnificent turf is spread on the top of the most arid Bagshot sand, so that it is extraordinarily hard, especially in a dry summer, to keep a respectable wicket. It is hoped, however, now that a treatment with red clay may ultimately do something to amend this. In the second place, there was no adequate pavilion. It is true that for the last twenty-five years there had been a building, partly brick and partly firwood, which suited admirably with the picturesqueness of its surroundings, but the arrangements inside were most unsatisfactory. Now this has been rectified, for the school, assisted by Old Wellingtonians, have built themselves a new summer palace at the cost of some two thousand and odd pounds. The work was entrusted to Mr. Blomfield, and the result is considered most satisfactory. Downstairs the chief feature is the room for foreign teams, which opens out into a lavatory containing a full-length bath and two douches; while upstairs most of the space is occupied by a large room which serves for dining, and opens out on to the balcony, which commands the whole field. All the other appointments, the scoring box, and the professionals' room are up to date and well arranged, and

the cricketers who have visited it as yet have expressed themselves very pleased with it. Looked at from the outside, for the moment it seems rather brilliant in colouring with its red tiles, cream-coloured walls, and pea-green doors; but with a little weather-staining it will no doubt settle down into a harmonious whole that will be in keeping with its surroundings.—WELLINGTONIAN.

A MONSTER CABBAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—A Russian friend of mine, Mme. Nowossiltzoff, asks me to send you the enclosed photograph of a monster cabbage grown on her estate at Pekoff, in the district of Porhow, Russia. She took a snap-shot of her gardener as he was carrying the cabbage to the house. Its weight was 15 kilos, i.e., about 32½ lb. The photograph may prove interesting to your readers should you care to print it.—E. M. EDWARDS.



THE JERSEY TIGER MOTH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Readers interested in entomology will be pleased to hear of the capture of several specimens of the somewhat uncommon Jersey Tiger moth. The luxuriant foliage and the balmy air of Devon are productive of all kinds of insects, some of which, as the Jersey Tiger, are practically unknown to any other county in Great Britain. One sunny afternoon I was on a ramble along one of the flowery lanes so common round about Dawlish and the river Exe. There

were swarms of butterflies, chiefly of the sober-tinted, easy-flying kinds—meadow browns and large heaths, though varied occasionally by the fine hue and strong flight of a Peacock butterfly or a Red Admiral. Suddenly there appeared a much more brightly-coloured insect. It was certainly a Tiger moth of some description,

but its bright orange colour gave no clue as to which kind; at any rate, I determined to capture it and find out. Without a net and a collecting-box it is no easy matter to obtain a good specimen, even if it is only of a moth which has been disturbed and is seeking some place to settle. For the time, my straw hat became the net and a matchbox was transformed into a collecting-box. Each served in good stead, and the moth was safely taken home. It did not look unlike the Cream-spotted Tiger, and bore a remote resemblance to its brother, the Common Tiger, but it was neither. Its upper wings were black, spotted and streaked with white, with a touch of yellow on the costa. The lower wings were dark orange, approaching almost to crimson, and were spotted with black. I was delighted to know that I had obtained a specimen of Hera, the Jersey Tiger, for which Dawlish is so famous. Subsequently I caught others, in which the ground colour was of a different yellow, but only once did I have the good fortune to see one when I was equipped with a net and box, and that time I really got a good specimen. They were all caught in the Exe Valley, except one, which was on the west side of the Teign, in Ringmore Churchyard. I had just clapped my hat over a large Tortoiseshell which had been airing itself on the wall of the church, when I saw our friend the Tiger again, and, dashing forward, I again effected a brilliant capture with my straw hat. On another occasion I was out chrysalis digging with my trowel, and once more my head-gear had to be requisitioned. Naturally, specimens secured in these unexpected ways are damaged, but it is very interesting and enjoyable to get insects in any condition at Dawlish, when you know that nowhere else in England can they be obtained at all. The right-hand photograph shows the Common Tiger, the left one the Jersey.—S. G.



MOTHERS AND THEIR YOUNG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A few days ago, while sitting on the bank of a small pond in a wood, I shot a rabbit with a small-bore rifle. It squealed once loudly before dying, and immediately afterwards a moorhen behind me in the wood began to exhibit signs of great distress, clucking very loudly like a hen, but higher pitched, five or six times, and then screaming in a curious way quite strange to me. As I kept quite quiet, she gradually worked round to the other side of the pond where the rabbit lay, and evidently was looking for her chicks, for whose cry she had apparently mistaken that of the rabbit. In view of the amount that is written about the ability displayed by animals in recognising the cry of their young, even among others of the same species, this incident seems curious.—A. J. L. SCOTT.

